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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

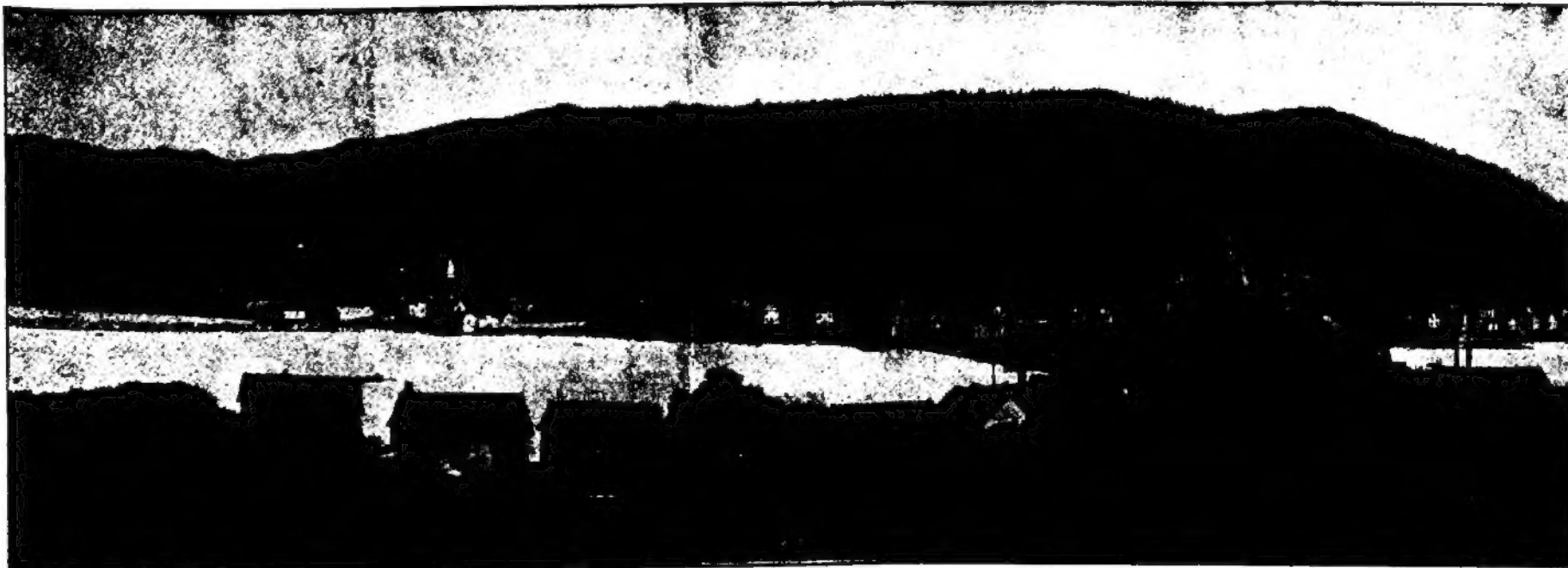
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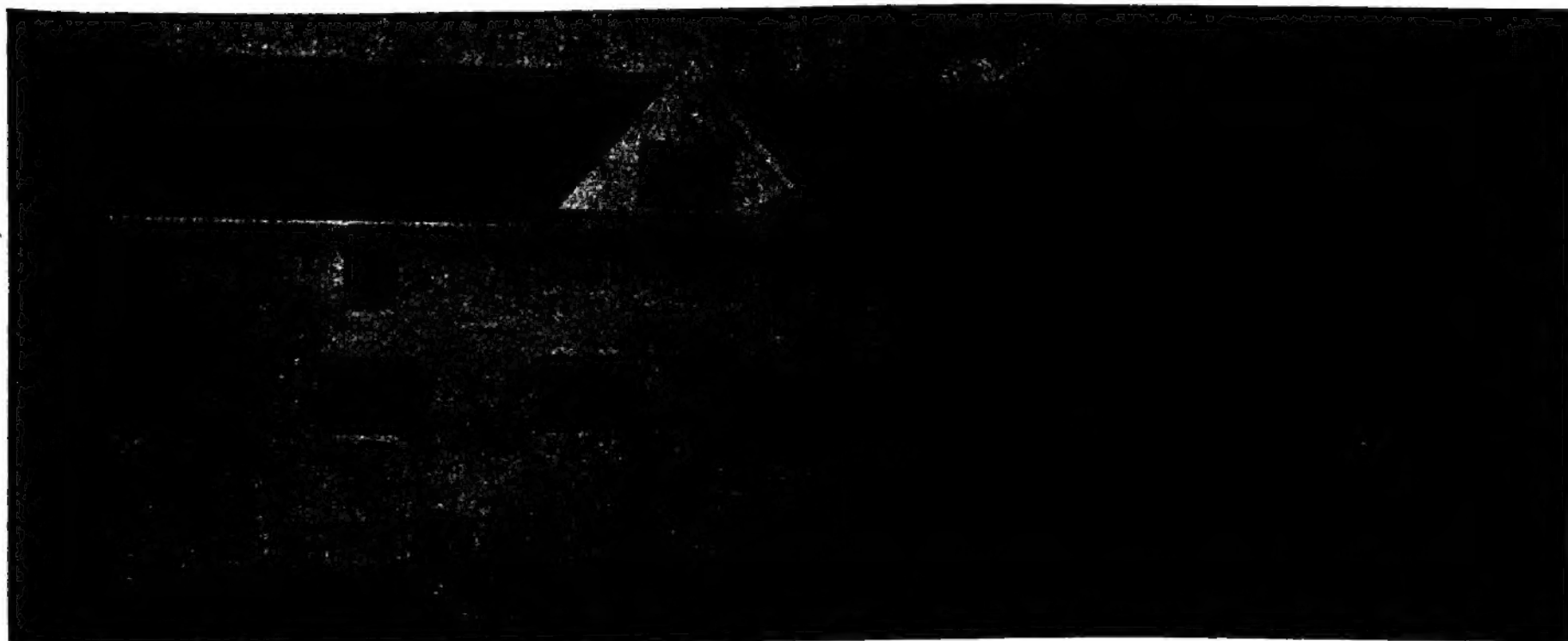
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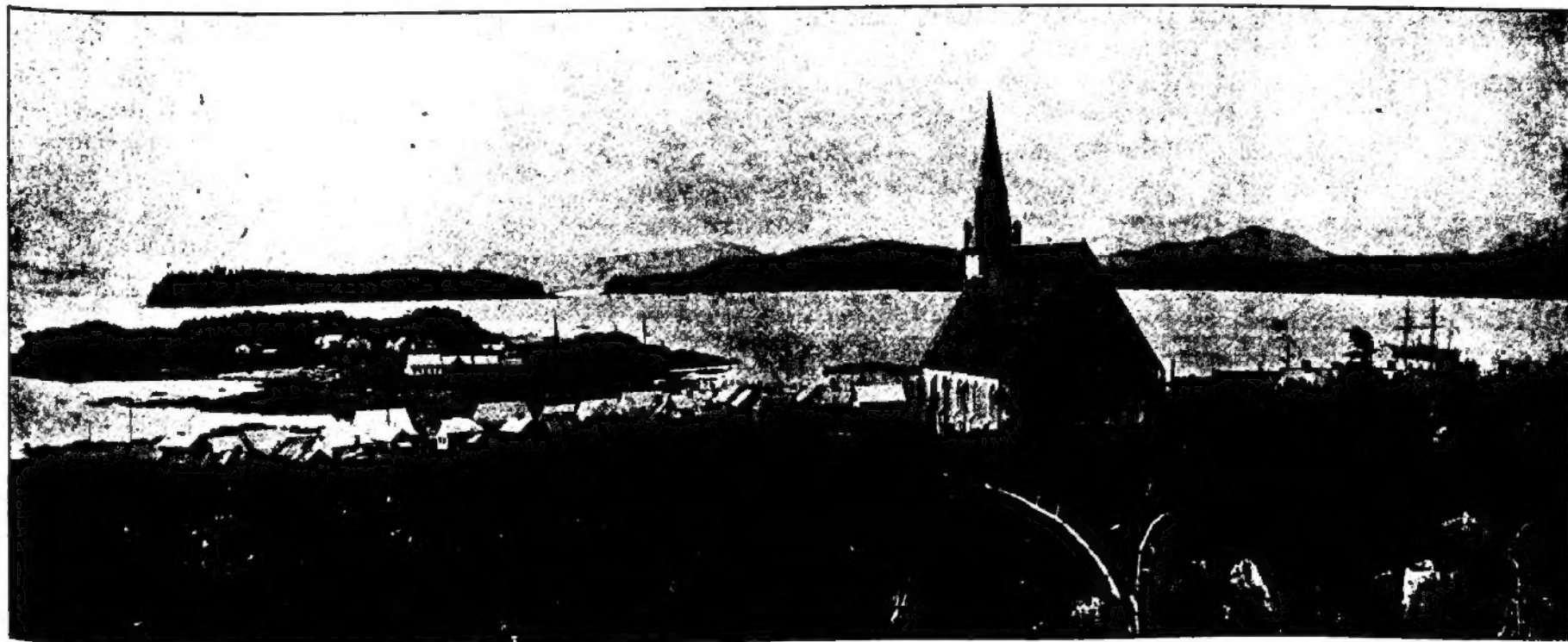
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22nd MARCH, 1890.



In a recent article on our dairy industries we deprecated the risk, in the new-born zeal to heighten our butter standard, of repeating the mistake to which it owed its decline in the case of Canadian cheese. That would, we need hardly say, be an even more serious blunder (as there is so much to lose) than that into which our dairymen fell when they allowed cheese practically to monopolize their attention. We are glad to see that our prominent cheese-makers are determined to avoid that mistake, and for that purpose they have formed a distinct organization, to be known as the Ontario and Quebec Cheese-Makers Association. The proceedings were opened at Lancaster on the 13th inst. by Mr. D. M. Macpherson, of whose remarkable career our readers are not unaware. Prof. Robertson, the Dominion Agricultural Commissioner, gave a most interesting address, in which he discussed technical points with a lucidity which made misunderstanding impossible, even to novices. He treated of flavour, and gave some valuable hints as to its delicate shades of difference and how they originate. A resolution was passed for the protection of Canadian cheese against inferior counterfeits, and a committee having been appointed to nominate officers the following selection was made: Messrs. J. A. Ruddick, president, Lancaster, Ont.; C. C. McDonnell, vice-president; Wesley McLeod, secretary-treasurer; A. C. Tracy, J. Dixon, A. W. Winters, C. Hollister, J. A. Kinsella, directors.

In his evidence before the Agriculture and Colonization Committee last week, Mr. John Lowe, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, gave an interesting statement of the immigration of the past year. The number of immigrants who arrived by the St. Lawrence route in 1889 was 29,591, against 37,700 in the previous year. The number of those who stated that their destination was Manitoba and the North-West was 26,809. Of 38,617 immigrants from across the border, 25,521 were set down as Canadians returning to Canada. As to the exodus from Canada no figures were produced, but Mr. Lowe did not think that the average was more than 30,000 in the year. The total influx of immigrants during the year 1889 was estimated at 91,000. The amount spent for immigration purposes was \$126,000.

Mr. Lowe called attention to the efforts that have been made for years past by the Argentine Republic to induce immigrants from Europe to settle in that country. Since the pacification of the Indians of the interior and the cessation of hostilities with the neighbouring States, the Government of the Republic has spared neither trouble

nor expense in filling up its broad expanse of fertile land with a thrifty and contented population. The system of administration adopted by the Department of Colonization is one of the most liberal and practical in operation on this continent, and, though mistakes have occasionally occurred through lack of understanding between agents in Europe and the Argentine authorities, the plan on the whole worked admirably. In connection with the Immigration Bureau there is an Employment Bureau, whose duty it is to obtain statistics and to keep itself constantly informed as to the demand for labour, both skilled and unskilled. The National Government receives and boards the new-comers for five days after their arrival, and for a longer period in case of delicate health or excessive poverty. The utmost care is also taken of the immigrants on their passage out, every individual being allowed sufficient space to ensure proper ventilation. Passengers are also supplied with all conveniences for toilet, their food is inspected, life preservers are provided, etc. The colonists can settle in communities of their own race and speech or take land by themselves, whichever they please, and the terms are most liberal. Every European nationality is now represented in the Republic, so that no settler can fail to feel at home. The soil is extremely productive, and the natural resources of the country are virtually without limit. The climate is one of the healthiest in the world, and during the last ten years the utmost order prevails. It will thus be seen that in the Argentine Republic Canada has no unworthy rival. The annual influx is not far from 200,000.

In reply to an enquiry regarding the Crofters' settlement, Mr. Lowe said that if there had been any serious complaint from that quarter he would surely have heard of it. Of all parts of New Canada, there was none that had given more marked satisfaction than the district occupied by those Scotch immigrants. Prof. Fream spoke of their condition, after his last visit a few years ago, in the most enthusiastic terms. Early in 1883 trouble arose among some of the tenants on the estate of Lady Gordon Cathcart. Her Ladyship offered to assist such of them as chose to begin life anew with better prospects to settle on Government lands in Canada. This offer was at first accepted by eleven families, and their report was so favourable that others hastened to follow. In the fall of 1883 Prof. Fream spoke highly of the arrangements made for the new colony, to which he subsequently paid two personal visits. He received not only a general expression of contentment but individual testimonies to the character of the soil, climate and other advantages, which were unmistakable. They had, in fact, everything that farmers could desire. "Here," wrote one, "is land for the landless, homes for the homeless—the beautiful land of the setting sun." "The longer I am here," said another, "the better I like it," and these statements could be multiplied. Communication was constantly maintained with the old country, and when Mr. Colmer C.M.G., paid his visit of inspection last year everything was going on satisfactorily. The only pity is that there are not more of such settlements.

From various sources we hear of the infusion of new industrial vitality into the Eastern Townships. Mr. Joseph Tassé, who lectured recently on "Annexation," especially as it would effect the interests of the people of this Province, was delighted with the progress of that thriving metro-

polis, Sherbrooke. Signs of progress were visible in all directions; but what most attracted Mr. Tassé's attention was the perfect harmony that reigned between the two sections of the population. They had no race or language question. French and English, without distinction, occupied the position of prominence and usefulness for which they were especially fitted, the mayor, Mr. Chicoyne, being a French Canadian and a journalist. We learn that a fresh impulse will be given to the manufacturing industry of the place by the establishment in the city of a branch warehouse of the Massey Manufacturing Company, of Toronto, which makes all kinds of farming implements and machinery. The company intend to make Sherbrooke a distributing point of the goods for the Eastern Townships trade.

THE LAST OF THE CROWN'S LANDS.

A Select Committee of the Imperial House of Commons is now engaged in investigating a question of considerable interest to colonists. For sometime past the people of Western Australia have been urging their plea for responsible government. The region, formerly known as the Swan River Settlement, has an extreme length from north to south of 1,280 miles and a breadth of 800 miles. Within these limits, embracing an area of more than a million square miles, there resides a population of about 45,000. It is the contrast between the small number of the inhabitants and the vast extent of the territory that gives the demand for virtual independence of the Mother Country its peculiar significance. The wishes of the colonists had no sooner been made known in England than doubts arose as to the wisdom of entrusting half a continent to a mere handful of people, not sufficient to constitute a third-rate municipality. Western Australia, nevertheless, has the consensus of all the neighbouring colonies in its favour. Queensland, which has enjoyed responsible government from its first creation as a province, has an area of nearly 700,000 square miles—nearly six times as large as that of the United Kingdom. When it began its career as a self-governing colony, its population was still smaller than that of Western Australia to-day. Still British statesmen hesitated to surrender the rights of the metropolis to so extensive a domain. One after another, nearly all England's important possessions beyond the sea, had been abandoned to the administration of those who occupied them, and if these million square miles were given up, she would, notwithstanding her mighty empire, be a veritable lackland, as far as the use of her far-spreading territories was concerned. A few thousands of the Queen's subjects could close the gates of a continent against Britain's superfluous myriads. Before giving the Western Australians such a power, the Government deemed it well that the whole subject should be carefully considered.

A bill framed as a compromise received the sanction of the House of Lords last year, but it was too late to give heed to it in the Lower House. A bill substantially the same was introduced a few weeks ago by Baron de Worms in the House of Commons. It proposes to give the colony responsible government, with the management and control of Crown Lands south of the 26th degree, the Home Government reserving the administration of the territory north of that limit, and the right of subdividing the colony hereafter. The bill also

reserves to the Imperial authorities the right of submitting to Her Majesty any local act prohibiting the immigration of British subjects. Provision is also made for the well-being of the aboriginal races by a direct grant from the colonial revenue payable to Her Majesty. In urging the advisability of granting responsible government to Western Australia, small though its population is, Baron de Worms reminded his hearers that in twenty years the population of Queensland had grown from 25,000 to nearly 375,000, besides developing its resources at a corresponding rate. The progress of Australia, as a whole, had, indeed, been extraordinary, and this progress had been mainly attained under the system of self-government. He asked the House, therefore, to sanction the decision already made by the Legislature of Western Australia, and to grant the colony those powers of self-government which would place it on a par with the rest of Australia. At the same time he proposed to refer the clauses relating to the administration of Crown Lands to a largely representative Select Committee. The discussion that followed touched on every phase of the question, and on almost every interest involved. All the speakers but one accepted the principle of the bill, though on various grounds. Mr. G. O. Morgan thought that if the Colonial Office was satisfied, the colony should be granted the change that it asked for. Mr. Leighton had entire confidence in the colonists and would hand the territory to them. Mr. W. McArthur maintained that the colonists had made Western Australia what it is—with its prosperous, handsome towns, its 412 miles of railway, and nearly 3,000 miles of telegraph, and to them should be entrusted the entire responsibility of its future development. Most of the other speakers, while favouring the plea for responsible government, felt apprehensive on the land question and counselled safeguards. Mr. Munro Ferguson thought such an area far too vast to put in control of so few. Mr. Bryce cited the waste of land in the Western States and advised caution. Mr. Chamberlain would not impose immigration on the colonists against their will, but he objected to the exceptional restrictions that had been imposed on British vessels bringing goods to the pearl fishery. Sir George Campbell opposed the bill *in toto*, on the ground that there had been insufficient notice, that a Select Committee could not give it adequate consideration, and deprecated the sanction of the bill by the House without fuller information. He severely criticized the action of the late Governor, Sir Napier Broome, in supporting the measure in the press, and held that it was a Governor's duty to stand up for British interests—a view which, with Sir George's other theories, Mr. W. A. McArthur condemned. As one of the few members who had any practical experience of colonial life, Mr. McArthur valiantly defended the right of Western Australia to complete self-government and full control of its territory, not for its own sake merely, but as a portion of what is destined to be a great federation, whose growth and progress could not be checked. Finally the bill was read a second time and referred to a select committee.

The fact that such a handful of people should have laid the foundations of such a self-governing community, built two handsome cities and several thriving towns, constructed railways and developed various resources and a trade of over \$7,000,000, is evidence of the superiority of the present to the old colonial system. That the other colonies make

common cause with Western Australia shows that, however they may delay taking the final step, Australians look upon their island-continent as their own, and will dispute any limitations to their control of it. The controversy on the land question may recall to some of our older readers the years when Canada was still subject to the dictation of Downing street, and, though the reluctance of some of the speakers in the debate to surrender so vast a tract to the keeping of 45,000 people is not surprising, the almost unanimous recognition of the colony's right to self-government marks a generosity in British colonial statesmanship which was once deplorably exceptional.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

[From an unpublished paper read by Prof. P. Denys before the St. Thomas Literary Society, Belleville.]

"Ye fair, heaven's kindest, noblest gift to man,
Adorned with every charm and every grace;
The flame your forms inspire let virtue fan,
And let the mind be lovelier than the face."

It is with feelings not unmingled with diffidence I have set to myself the task of discoursing for a few moments upon woman. I feel the responsibility I assume. Woman is a being we revere. She is a deity before which all mankind bows. She watches over our cradle, sustains our manhood, and imparts the last kiss on our dying brow. Bonaparte, Hannibal, Cæsar, Wellington, have filled the world with their names, yet their exploits are written in letters of tears, of blood, of desolation. We vaunt their courage, bravery and skill, although these qualities meant death to thousands. Not so with thee, kind, tender, affectionate woman. Thy sway is in gentleness; thy force in virtue; thy power in love. I bow before thy courage in adversity, thy faithfulness in attachment, thy excellence in domestic worth. In whatever sphere thou art placed, from the throne to the humblest abode, in the mansion of the rich or the asylum of the poor, whether swaying the sceptre of power or ministering to the needy, we find thee just, true, laborious, patient, trusty, devoted, loving. These virtues are thy crown. They are thy glory!

I see woman in the home. I see her in literature and in arts. I see her on the battle field and in the rescuing lifeboat. I see her on the throne, and here permit me to thank God that so good, so noble, so gracious a sovereign as 300,000,000 of loyal subjects or more can boast, was reserved for our day, and pray that Her Majesty be long spared to our respect, our fidelity, our affection.

Woman is, primarily, a being who loves. This sentiment springs from her goodness. Madame de Sévigné has said: "The true mark of a good heart is its capacity for loving." She can also hate, no doubt, but this only when she has been wronged. She can likewise listen. The eyes of a true, sincere woman, will brighten with pleasure or sadden with pity, according as what you relate is joyous or sorrowful. Man is never so confident as when conscious of her support. Donoso Cortis has said: "When God, full of love for man, wished to bestow upon him a first gift, He gave him woman to bestrew his path with flowers and illumine his horizon."

I have spoken of the home. What, indeed, would it be without the warm, loving presence of a mother, or wife, or sister? Woman is the angel of our fireside. She is the sun round which man revolves. Although accounted the weaker vessel, she is the great social force. Her kindly word of encouragement, her tender sympathy in trouble, her devotedness and affection is what keeps man up in the struggles of life. She is his help-mate. *Il n'y a pas de sot métier*. All honest work is noble. In the humblest recess of domestic life the daily labour well accomplished acquires infinite value.

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

And no other. Nor will the vexations incident upon everyday routine sensibly affect a true spirit of ambition. Genius is not bent by difficulties, but made more enduring and resplendent. You harden metal by beating; you polish it by rubbing. It was in prison Cervantes wrote Don Quixote.

Milton wrote his immortal work when totally blind. Mrs. Stowe composed the greatest American novel while engaged in active household duties.

In literature and arts, woman has won most enviable honours. Time will permit only a passing mention of a few of those who have cast lustre on their sex no less than on letters. With national pride, I may perhaps be permitted to put first on record the name of Madame de Sévigné. Her beauty, her wit, her social tact, her brilliant erudition give her, perhaps, a prior claim. These many traits were more than enough to make lovers and distinguished men flock and sigh around her. But her absolute devotion to her children, after her husband's death, was the one ruling passion of her affectionate heart. Upon her letters rests a fame that time will only serve in making more secure. Mme. de Staël, the "Rousseau in petticoats," may perhaps be given next place. She was brought up with great rigour. Her writings on the enormities of the revolution brought her Napoleon's disfavour. She was ordered to leave Paris, and subsequently France. To have inspired with fear even a Bonaparte reveals sufficiently this woman's genius and power. Her best production is probably her "Dix Années d'Exil." Charlotte Brontë, the immortal author of "Jane Eyre," Hannah More, the friend of the great Garrick, of Reynolds and Burke; George Sand (Madame Dudevant), Mary Hutchinson, the poet's companion; Lady Jane Grey, the queenly scholar, are representative names in the galaxy of brilliant women. In going over some of the names of notable women, I cannot omit that of Rosa Bonheur, whose brush brought her undying renown. Another name which cannot be overlooked, and one which a Canadian can mention with particular pride, is that of Madame Albani. Ranking with Patti and the world's most distinguished vocalists, her name is synonymous with highest attainment in the art of song. The many marks of friendship bestowed on her by the Queen for her amiability of person no less than her charm of voice, reflect creditably on all Canada.

Among those famous in the annals of heroism rank prominently Joan of Arc and Grace Darling. Let us hope the initial steps now being taken by Mgr. Patis for the glorification of the young maid of Orleans may be crowned with entire success.

Kingdoms have never been more prosperous than under woman's sway. Maria Theresa was the greatest ruler Austria ever had. Encouraging education and the arts and agriculture, and using her gifts and qualities for the greater welfare of her subjects, no monarch was ever more regretted. Small families were not fashionable in those days. She had sixteen children, all born in twenty years, whom she brought up with much care as to their health, but without caprice or pride. What shall we say of the noble queen to whom we owe, in a measure, the discovery of this continent? We all know that Columbus, after a fruitless appeal to King John II of Portugal, repaired to Spain to have his cause espoused and the means provided for his projected discovery. Here also he encountered much opposition from the nobles, and had no hopes till Isabel, becoming impressed with the feasibility of the scheme, furnished the great navigator with funds out of her own personal resources. She had already daunted the Moor and brought peace to Seville. Her reign was one of matchless splendour and wisdom, and, while some have blamed the severity of her government, the verdict of the nation and the world accords her a front place among the best and greatest rulers.

I cannot conclude without another brief reference to the most sovereign lady who, with so much grace, presides to-day over the greatest empire the world has seen. Faithful spouse, loving mother, accomplished woman, possessing every social and domestic virtue, we bow before her personal worth no less than her royal dignity. Having now sat on the throne longer than any other English monarch except two (George III. and Henry III.), we desire to wish Her Majesty, and all true women of whom she is such a perfect type, continued health, prosperity and happiness. Upon woman rests the nation. Long live woman! God save the Queen!



INDIAN POW-WOW, HELD AT KNIGHT'S INLET, N.W. COAST OF B. C.
(Maynard, photo.)



INDIAN WOMEN OF CASTE, WITH ARTIFICIALLY DEFORMED HEADS, AT QUATSINO, WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.
(Maynard, photo.)



FORT SIMPSON.—This engraving shows on the left the post and wharf of the Hudson's Bay Company. The post was erected in 1834, and has seen many a stirring spectacle in the days when the Indians were still numerous and ferocious. At the back of the Indian village may be seen the Methodist Mission, which has civilized the people to the number of about 700. The building with a spire, by the waterside, is a fire hall, raised by the Indians, who also built the little trestle bridge to Village Island, from whence the view is taken. They have since erected a drill shed which cost \$2,500.

FORT SIMPSON, FROM REAR OF VILLAGE.—This view, taken from the back of the village, shows Village Island, with its cemetery full of marble monuments, the splendid harbour, which will probably be the terminus of the next transcontinental railway, and, in the distance, the mountains of the Alaska coast, 16 miles away. The lower picture represents the interior of the Hudson's Bay post—the residence on the right and the store beyond, both strong log buildings.

FORT SIMPSON, LOOKING ACROSS THE HEAD OF THE BAY.—The chief mountain in the river is McNeill, probably named after the first captain of the first steamer of the North Pacific, the venerable "Beaver," which for 50 years gathered her cargoes of furs at the various stations, and fought Indians, and ran on reefs all through the middle of the century. Mount McNeill, 4,300 feet, is the Ararat of this region, and is the place where, according to the Indian traditions, the survivors of the great deluge landed.

THE HEAD OF LYNN CANAL.—This is the extremity of the inland waters of the great Archipelago of the N. W. Coast. From here to Puget Sound extend a thousand miles of extraordinary scenery, channels that would belt the world, fully thirty thousand islands, and a score of gigantic fiords penetrating the Cascade Range for upwards of a hundred miles. From this point it is but thirty miles to the navigable waters of the Yukon system, and as it is about the 59th parallel of north latitude there is no night in midsummer and very little day in midwinter.

A GATHERING OF 500 INDIANS AT TSA-WA-TEE, TRAVELLING ON ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S GUNBOATS.—In the background may be seen some of the majestic slopes of the Cascade Mountains, for the fiords of the British Columbia coasts penetrate into the very heart of the system. This scenery has hitherto defied the efforts of the photographer, and has never been portrayed by any artist. The heights are so near and the snow so glaring that photography is completely baffled. An area of the sea a mile or two broad, two hundred fathoms deep, and shut in directly by mountains of a mile and a half of vertical height, presents features of a scenery not approached in grandeur elsewhere.

WOMEN WITH ARTIFICIALLY DEFORMED SKULLS, QUATSINO SOUND, WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.—It is customary among the Vancouver tribes, which are still almost entirely savage and heathen, to deform the skulls of female infants during the first year or two. Slaves are not so treated, as the deformity signifies social standing. The deformity varies in the several tribes, some being dome-headed, and some flat-headed. It does not appear that the brain is seriously injured by the practice. Some of the women here are painted (black or red), which is commonly done to keep off flies and mosquitoes, and to preserve the skin. A blackened face with women is a sign of mourning, and among men, of war.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY BASEBALL CLUB.—Baseball in its present highly developed form presents few features of resemblance to the old English game of rounders from which it claims honoured descent. In the States it has risen to the unquestioned dignity of unrestricted national preference, holding equal sway with the son of the humble artizan or that of the commercial magnate. The distinctive traits and governing impulses of a people can often be discerned by a close study of the field of play. Cricket reflects the sturdy, undeviating character of the mighty British host, and baseball as faithfully portrays the dominant features of American life. In the present bustle and hurried activity of absorbing commercial concerns, the American cannot afford to lounge through a two days' game of cricket, and therefore his plastic power of invention has adopted something conformable with surrounding conditions. As every day he is confronted with emergencies brooking no delay, as every day his mind is called upon to decide with lightning rapidity upon some business venture of dazzling prospective, so in his national game no time is given for dallying, the play being decidedly fast and affording full facilities for the training and display of quick-witted action. In time to come, when the national pulse beats more slowly, when the feverish anxiety for shekels has somewhat abated, a less speedy game will no doubt be substituted to accord with modified requirements, but until then baseball will certainly hold its vantage ground. When, a few years back, efforts were made to introduce baseball as a worthy aspirant for the patronage of the athletic devotees of Toronto University, the foreign im-

portation was not greeted with that cordial hospitality usually extended to wholesome pastimes by college men. No very kindly feelings were evinced for a game so decidedly of Yankee origin, whose exponents were in the main confined to professionals, and whose record could not claim the proud traditions and wealth of association that pertain to cricket, and even football. Baseball did not come with the stamp of old-country approval to recommend it to those who, in matters of choice, were still powerfully influenced by conservative attachments for anything of a pronounced English flavour. The attitude of a university towards a game is to be considered of prime importance, as affecting not merely its popularity, but its very existence; for it is well known that the newly-invented pastime's longevity is determined by the reception accorded it in the college world. The fact, therefore, that Ontario's provincial university has unmistakably taken baseball under its sheltering wings is significant of its future success in Ontario, as it may be reasonably expected that Queen's, Victoria and other colleges will follow suit, and that a provincial, inter-collegiate league may be called into existence at no distant date. Last year the 'Varsity Club eclipsed all its former efforts by boldly venturing on a tour to the States. With true Canadian ambition, the club was desirous of tackling the Yankee at his national pastime in his native stronghold. The trip was a happy success, only one defeat being encountered at the hands of the Americans, viz., from Brown University. This reverse, however, did not operate as a check to the spirited enthusiasm of the Canadian collegians; for, although the Brown-'Varsity game at Providence was called in the eighth inning to allow the visitors to connect with a train, on which they travelled all night and until noon of next day in order to arrive at Ithaca for the contest with Cornell University, and, although they were necessarily fatigued with their long ride, they had sufficient energy left to administer a sound drubbing to their opponents. The other victories were at Peterborough, Cobourg, Oswego, Kingston and Lockport. The game with Amherst University was prevented by rain, and at Galt the 'Varsity men left the field through dissatisfaction with the decision of the home umpire. The tour, therefore, resulted in six wins, two defeats and one game drawn. The club will take a more extensive tour this year, and will probably arrange dates with Kingston, Ottawa College, Montreal, and the Universities of Vermont, Amherst, Brown, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Philadelphia, Wesleyan and Columbia.—S. D. S.

TSA-WA-TEE, A VILLAGE AT THE HEAD OF KNIGHT INLET, OF THE KWAGIUTL NATION.—Cannibal rites have been practised within recent years at this very remote village. On the right is the range of huts in strong contrast to the Haida houses. Above the nearest a tall crest pole may be seen, and on the left the roof-tree and a column of an old and now ruined chief's house.

MISS ANNIE LAMPMAN, PIANISTE.—The talented young Canadian whose portrait is given in this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, was born in the fair Province of Ontario, in the village of Morpeth, County of Kent, where her father, an English Church clergyman, resided. Miss Lampman at an early age showed remarkable talent for music, and after receiving the best tuition it is possible to obtain in this country, spent two years in Leipzig under the instruction of that finest of piano masters and distinguished critic, Herr Martin Krause. During these years she made such advance that she was able before leaving Germany to appear in concert before what must be considered the most severely critical audience in the world. The unprejudiced criticisms of the Leipzig papers show that her playing was not found wanting in any respect. Her style is exceedingly pure, possessing the qualities of vigour and vivacity, and her tone is remarkable for strength and clearness. Since her return to Canada she has given concerts in Quebec and Ottawa with a success corresponding to her nature, gifts and conscientious devotion to her art. F. Pfohl, the musical critic of the *Leipzig Tageblatt*, wrote a notice of Miss Lampman in that journal, in the course of which he said: "Miss Lampman proved herself to be a richly endowed and thoroughly schooled pianiste, who combines clearness of execution and rhythmic precision with a delicate touch and full tone. The A minor concerto of Greig, with its piquant rhythms in their bold characteristic setting was played by the pianiste with a fineness and a smoothness in the passage which one rejoiced at the more as sensational bravura remained in the background. This extremely praiseworthy performance was followed by a veritable gem of execution—crystal clearness and warmth of feeling distinguished Miss Lampman's rendering of the Rondo of Bach. It rippled as refreshingly as a mountain stream. . . . She played the Nocturne (B major) Chopin, with delightful tenderness, and a really poetic conception. The expressive cantilena which was conjured from the Bluthner Grand, marks out an appointed path for the young pianiste's talent. She can become a Chopin player of the first rank. That her individuality is shown to best advantage in the tender and delicate, was again made evident in Liszt's Paraphrase of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, where the episode of the Elves was played with an unusual lightness of touch, giving it a sprightly fantastic character. The audience bestowed hearty applause on the excellent pianiste." Bernhard Vogel, in the *Nachrichten*; Bernhard Seuberlich, in the *General Anzeiger*, of the same city, and C. Reinhold, in the *Halle'sche Zeitung*, wrote equally favourable critiques of Miss Lampman's execution. The Canadian press has justly hailed her since her return as a gifted daughter of Canada, who is a credit to her mother-

land. Miss Lampman is a sister of Archibald Lampman, author of "Among the Millet," a review of which, from the *London Academy*, appeared not long since in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.—Archibald Lampman was born on the seventeenth of November, 1861, at the little village of Morpeth, on the shore of Lake Erie. Situated in the County of Kent, on what is known as the Talbot road, the poet's birth-place is in the very garden of Canada, surrounded on every side by productive farms and rich fruit lands. His parents were both of German families which came to New England in the middle of the last century. At the outbreak of the War of Independence his father's family removed to Canada. They were staunch U. E. Loyalists, and took an active part in the war of 1812. His mother was a Gesner, of the Gesner and Stewart families, well known in Nova Scotia. Mr. Lampman's father is a Church of England clergyman, and in the course of events he was removed from Morpeth in 1886, and was sent to the parish of Perry Town, in the County of Durham. This seemed like desolation after the richness and beauty of the County of Kent, and after a sojourn of about a year the place was found so uncongenial that the family, which now consisted of one boy and three girls, removed to Gore's Landing, on Rice Lake. Although this place may have been undesirable in some respects, it had the advantage of beautiful scenery, and it is doubtless responsible for some of Mr. Lampman's finest work. Here schooling was commenced at a private institution. After attending this school for some time he afterwards attended a public school. The family could never be considered well off, and it is chiefly owing to his mother, a woman of high ideals and of rare energy and bravery, that young Lampman was enabled to enjoy the best educational advantages that the country afforded. In 1876 he was sent to Trinity College public school, Port Hope, which is modelled after the English public schools, and which is a preparatory institution for Trinity College, Toronto. Here he was very successful, taking many prizes, and in his last year was head boy at the school. In 1879 he entered Trinity College, Toronto, and aided by the scholarships he obtained, he remained there until 1882, when he took the degree of B.A. with honours. At Trinity he was always foremost in literary matters, editing the college paper, writing constantly in both prose and verse for that and another college journal. After graduating, Mr. Lampman accepted the assistant mastership of the Orangeville high school, and although fitted for such a position by his learning, he found the trials of the post unbearable. In January of 1883 he received an appointment in the Post Office Department, and removed to Ottawa, where he continues to reside. In 1887 he married Maud, youngest daughter of Edward Playter, M.D. From the time of his removal to Ottawa his literary activity commenced, and he has ever since continued composing, and from time to time contributes to the Canadian literary paper, *The Week*, and the American magazines. In December, 1888, his first collection of poems, entitled "Among the Millet," was published.—D. C. S.

JOHN RICHARD HALL, ESQUIRE, SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.—Mr. J. R. Hall, whose portrait, from a photograph by Topley, is published elsewhere in this issue, is the only son of the late G. B. Hall, Esquire, Judge of the County Court of Peterborough, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. Richard D'Olier (Olier de Verneuil). He was born at Peterborough, Ont., on the 13th August, 1847, and was educated at Dublin, Ireland. He was employed in the Finance Department of the Canadian Government from 1865 to 1871, when he resigned to engage in farming near Peterborough. He was subsequently employed by the Government on the harbour survey at Fort William. He re-entered the Civil Service in 1873 in the Department of Justice, and was private secretary to the Minister of Justice from 1878 to 1881. On the re-organization of the Department of the Interior, consequent upon the retirement of Mr. Lindsay Russell, in 1883, Mr. Hall was appointed Secretary of the Interior, succeeding Mr. A. M. Burgess, who was appointed Deputy Minister. Mr. Hall is one of the most capable departmental secretaries in the service.

THE COCKER SPANIELS "BRANT" AND "MIKE."—The Brant Cocker Kennels, owned by Mr. Chas. M. Nelles, include nearly twenty of the prettiest little dogs in America. Every one of these is a prize winner of some pretension, while no less than three of them hold the proud title of champion. These are "Brant," "Mike" and "Jim W." The first mentioned, "Brant," is an exceedingly handsome little fellow, with a long list of prizes, among which are the following: First and three special, Buffalo, 1887; first, Newark, N.J., 1887; first, Providence, R.I., 1887; first, Boston, 1887; championships, New York, Philadelphia and Detroit, 1887 (four specials, the latter); championship, Utica, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Syracuse and London, 1888; championship, St. Paul, Minn., 1889. At London, Ont., in 1888 he also won a special prize for the championship of Canada. "Mike" is also a beauty, and claims to have the heaviest feather of any cocker in America. While he has not won as many prizes as "Brant," yet he has done his share in upholding the honour of his kennel. Among his prizes are: First, St. Paul, Minn., and first, Milwaukee, 1887; special, Philadelphia; 1st and special, St. Paul, and championship, Baltimore, 1888; championship, Chicago, 1889; championship, Toronto, 1889.



ROBERT BROWNING.

Some time ago, our good and gifted friend and ever welcome contributor, Pastor Felix, addressed a circular note (to speak diplomatically) to several of the powers, poetic and critical, on both sides of the border, the substance of which is comprised in this communication to our meritorious contemporary, the *Transcript Monthly* of Portland, Maine:

I have requested from a number of my friends a free, brief, pointed expression of their view of Browning's poetry. The responses are given below, and furnish an interesting and comprehensive thesaurus of critical opinion on the subject. The least catholic may find something to content him in the great poet who no longer listens to such a mingling of reprobation and applause as the critics of our generation accord him; if one may not affect "Sordello," or "The Ring and the Book," he may none the less delight in such perennial poetic glories as "Evelyn Hope" and "Hervé Riel." It seems to me that when all exceptions are taken, there is yet a clear residuum of more healthy vigour to stimulate the nobler part of his reader, than can be found elsewhere in the great body of modern verse. Among those who are willing to acknowledge their appreciation of, and indebtedness to, the author of the "Dramatic Lyrics," must stand

PASTOR FELIX.

To the appeal of Pastor Felix a few responded, but before the judgments were given to the world, the great poet had passed away. As some of the sharers in this "Symposium" are known, at least by reputation, to our readers, we have thought that it might be worth while to reproduce what they have said on a subject which is now more interesting than ever.

KING'S COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S., Dec. 17, 1889.

CHER CONFÈRE, — . . . I could not satisfactorily define my present position in regard to Browning in anything less than an essay,—and in regard to my present position, I am not at all sure that it is the right one. I don't want to make a presumptuous judgment. This known, you may say for me, that I believe Browning to be a truly great poet who has wilfully obscured his gift in the effort to be startlingly original in expression. He is handicapped by his *fud*; but, fortunately, is strong enough to carry his handicap. I know, to a certainty, of his having made use of words in his verse because they caught his fancy by their strangeness; when, in reality, he did not at all apprehend their meaning. In one notable instance the result is lamentable—as some will doubtless perceive if they study minutely the closing paragraphs of "Pippa Passes." It also seems to me that the Browning of the Browning Societies is not the Browning that will live. Browning, the psychological analyst, will not be as towering a figure in the eyes of posterity as Browning, the poet, will be. In most of the elaborate works with which the societies wrestle delightedly, Browning, the poet, quite fails to emerge from the mass of curious and contorted utterance under which Browning, the psychological analyst, has perversely buried him. Browning hath done Browning grievous wrong. But the singer of "Ab, Vogler" and of "Saul," of "In a Gondola," "Evelyn Hope" and "Prospice," and a score more of unique and unsurpassable lyrics, the inspired dreamer of "Childe Roland," the master and the seer who strengthens and guides us in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," the dramatic creator of "Luria" and the "Return of the Druses,"—it seems to me that it would be mere farce to question seriously the immortality of his fame.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

No. 5 WASHINGTON AVE., Toronto, Jan. 22, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. L., . . . There has never been, nor ever will be, an Englishman absent from home whose heart has not welled up with rich tears in loving recognition of—

"O to be in England, now that April's there!"
and the picture, so softly yet vividly thrown upon the canvas—

"And whoever wakes in England sees some morning unaware—"
(He has not looked for it, he has simply found it so,—)

"That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the 'orchard bough'
In England—now!"

And the poet prepares you for something rare, and, from the Tweed to the Dart, not a being who has heard it but will recognize:

"And after April, when May follows,
And the white throat builds, and all the swallows (—

(all the swallows, mind.—the chimney-swallow, the swift, the martin,—all,—)

"Hark, when my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first finer, careless rapture!"

Nothing can be more delicate than the splendid praise conveyed in the words, "he never could recapture," etc. And the homesickness in the poet's disdain of the "gaudy melon-flower." He says half-apologetically, as it were,—

"And though the field look rough with heavy dew,
And will be gay when noontide washes away
The buttercups, the little children's dower,—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower."

In "James Lee's Wife" are hidden a mine of jewels, not for the psychologist alone, but for the humanitarian,—for him who would not only make the world better, but would learn how to do it wisely; yet the jewels must be sought, they are not lying on the surface.

"Yet here are we two; we have love, house enough,
With the field, there,
This house of four rooms, that field red and rough,
I thought it yield there
For the rabbit that robs, scarce a blade (or a bent;
If a magpie alight, now, it seems an event;
And they both will be gone at November's rebuff.
But why must cold spread?"

(Why should the material impress and impose itself on the spiritual?)

"—but wherefore rearing change
To the spirit
God meant should mate His with an infinite range,—"

(should enjoy vast kingdoms of resource, mental and spiritual,)

"—And inherit
His power to put life in the darkness and cold?"

Here is the lesson:

"O live, and love worthily, bear and be bold!
Whom Summer made friends of let Winter estrange?"

(Shame on you, an immortal being, with infinite powers of spiritual attainment, if you do.)

For a lesson so simply expressed that he who runs may read, take "Gold-Hair," with its sermon, beginning Cant. 28:

"Why I deliver this horrible verse."

And again, for a pure, plain bit of delightful description, the "Meeting at Night." And then, again, "Pisgah Sights." All of them for a study.

(Mrs.) SARAH ANNE CURZON.

HERNEWOOD, Alberton, P.E.I., Oct. 1st, 1889.

MY DEAR PASTOR,— . . . I said something in a previous letter about Robert Browning; about both Brownings. What is poetry and what its region? Is it to raise to a higher tone of natural feeling, and to brighten and intensify the mental faculties of feeling, such as vision and hearing, rapidity of perception and comparison, as becomes necessary for that higher region where the atmosphere is so rare, yet so placid? So far from there being distortion of ideas or of vision in the mystic sphere of poetry, there is a clearer, as well as a wider, view of things that be—as from the summit of a heaven-kissing hill. Sunlight and harvest-moonlight show to the visual eye the well-defined outline of a near scene; and the poetic eye extends the range to a farther vista, equally well defined. In the ideal region of poetry, the atmosphere being brighter, the lights are higher and the shadows deeper,—the associations connected with light and shade (visual or moral) are consequently more brightly vivid, or more darkly intense. That is all. There is no distortion in this, but the contrary. In brief, poetry is everyday vision not strained by violent contrasts, but sublimated, cleared, intensified. When mists rise it is time to come down from the empyrean. But what shall we say when the air is made lurid and murky with the smoke of fireworks? The angels of the scene then become gnomes jumping through paper hoops amid the whiz of catherine wheels! It is poetry no longer, but *spectacular*,—the afterpiece of Barnum's circus, with a wind-up of rockets, labelled—

His
Robert X Browning
School.

True, they burst into a shower of stars at the end of their flight; but the stars are saltpetre. Read Swinburne's "Mater Dolorosa." Seems to me they should be called the *smoky* school. And then the smoke is acrid,—pneugh! That school ought to pray (if it prays at all) for a smokeless gunpowder. Such are my individual sentiments. Do not, therefore, marvel that my topsided mind regards Mrs. Barrett Browning as a greater than her dining-out husband. Swinburne would fain be Browningishly incoherent, and too frequently is; but (*malgré lui*) is redeemed by now and then becoming natural. I look on his *Miracle Play*, "The Masque of Queen Persabe"—especially from where the queens enter—as a perfect archaic gem. . . .

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR.

MONTREAL, Nov. 29, 1889.

You ask me, dear Brother Felix, for a word on Browning; and if I have no [adequate] word to give, it is not that I do not prize that great master of the human heart, but that I durst not apply my vulgar tape-line to his work. To me, it is simply wonderful. That much of it is obscure, or, at least only to be grasped by study, even Ruskin con-

fessed years ago, when the volume of Browning's outflow was not more than a third of what it is to-day; but that it is all an enigma more apt to puzzle than to satisfy and delight, is a slander, where it is not ignorance or affectation. Browning has written enough which they who run [moderately] may read, to give him a place among the greatest of the world's poets; darker passages, moreover, are generally rich in wisdom and truth, once the key is found. Perhaps, indeed, we value most what gives us most trouble to get the full meaning of. Often, too, the fault is with the plaintiff's lack of penetration, earnestness or sympathy—due, it may be, to long and exclusive veneration of a different order of mind. Certain it is that those who are not repelled by idle hearsay, and take time to make Browning's acquaintance, are sure to love him and be better for his companionship. What experience of that nature I have had myself, came to me—at the outset—through reading "Saul," some twenty-five years ago. In sore need of solace I was when I opened the book which (with "Guesses at Truth" by the Hares) a friend had put into my hand, with the remark that I would find it worth reading. And so it proved. The poem just mentioned, especially, had so marked an effect on me that I have ever since deemed myself in Browning's debt. It raised me from a slough of despond and quickened my flagging aspirations in a manner that is still very real to me. "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "A Death in the Desert," the invocation—"O Lyric Love"—but where should I stop if I tried to enumerate how much of Browning is to me "a wonder and a wild desire" (if it be not desecration to take the words out of their setting)? As for Browning's art, or philosophy, or rather the gift that makes him Browning, and makes Browning so unlike any poet of the past or present—to seek

"A reason, a solution and a clue;"

for it is beyond my ability and my purpose. The intellectual chronology of our age, down to the very reaction against its tendency, may be read in Tennyson; in Browning, there is no indication—or hardly any—of outside influence at all. His cycle of human transcripts, if not world-wide, and of all ages, is as nearly so as the great Shakespearian gallery, to which, indeed, he has added some astonishing and unexpected touches. How far such monodramatic, self-revelations as "Caliban on Setebos," represent the very inmost truth of things, who will say? Did ever savage so reason? But it is not for me (as I have said) to discuss these deep questions. I shall, at least, keep away from the multitude that darkens counsel by words without knowledge. Alas! how juster than ever is the saying of Hippocrates,—"Life is short, and Art is long." Even in poetry we have to ticket ourselves as specialists or close our lips. Well, we can, at least, enjoy in silence; and, for my part, I would rather be called both blind and dumb, than use eyes and mouth for fault-finding and insolent rebuke of the world's great teachers. I will, moreover, contend that fidelity to *one master*—if, in letters, such choice be necessary—need not imply despite or neglect toward the other *nobilissimi pochi* (for, after all, these mighty benefactors are but a handful among the millions) who "gave the people of their best." The other day I came upon this passage in "The Ethics of the Dust," which is not without its moral: "So it is alway. Good crystals are friendly with almost all other good crystals, however little they may chance to see each other, or however opposite their habits may be; while wicked crystals quarrel with one another, though they may be exactly alike in habits, and see each other continually. And, of course, the wicked crystals quarrel with the good ones."

Now, dear Pastor Felix, . . . I remain with sympathy, gratitude and good wishes, yours faithfully,

JOHN READE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

Among the grander tributes, at his feet
I place my humble wreath. Griefful, ah me!
That 'mid earth's jarring voices his should be
(With all its wealth of utterance replete)
Speechless and stilled. No words more subtly sweet
Have ever thrilled those hearts across the sea,
Their homage weaves his robe of sovereignty
Th' investiture of his imperial seat.

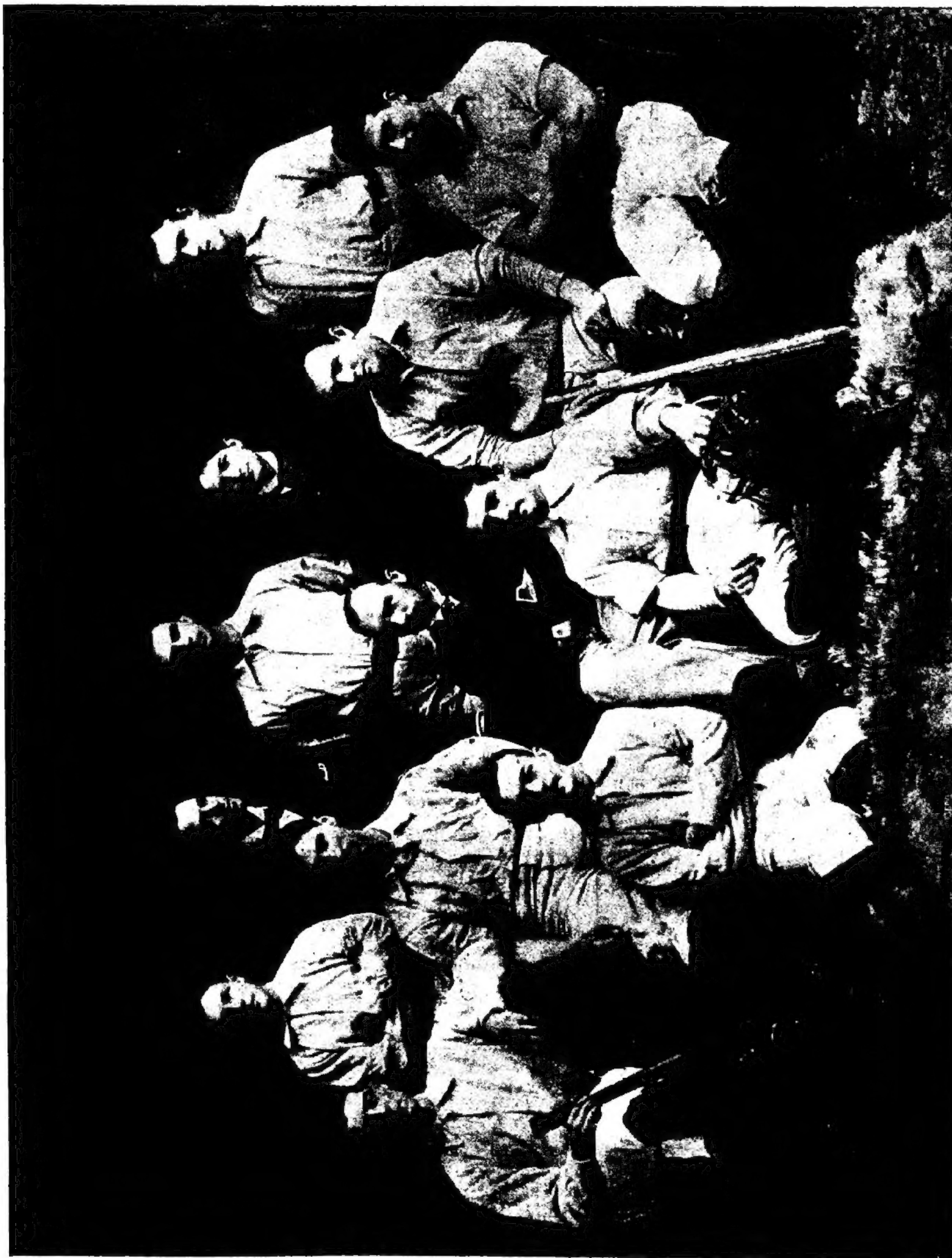
Past the cloud confines in his eagle flight,
He swept thought's firmament, to yonder blue
Immeasurable—height above height—
And with illumination ever new,
His fervid thoughts through years of broadening height
Time's mighty heart shall voice with pulses true.

II.

He taught no gloomy doctrine of despair,
Nor fed his speech with oil, to calm the sea
Whose living forces rage continuously
In overmastering waves of doubt and fear;
But with far-seeing judgment, keen and rare,
He apprehended truth, where such as we
Stand at its outmost threshold. Nor did he
Disdain faith's aid, in problems none may clear
Save the All Wise. In no uncertain key
He lifted up his strong, prevailing voice
The fool to chide, to bid true hearts rejoice.
Nor can death still thy throbbing harmony,
O rare Word Master! Thou art with us yet
In thoughts that flash like jewels golden set.

Halifax.

MINNIE J. WEATHERBE.



J. W. McIntosh, '92, L. F. F. B. Hodgins, '88, Manager J. H. Senkler, '89, 3 B. J. B. Peat, '90, Sec.-Treas. W. L. McQuarrie, '92, 1 B.
 T. A. Wardell, '89, S. S. S. D. Schulz, '88, P. & R. F. Prof. A. Baker, M.A., Hon.-Pres. A. N. Garrett, '88, 2 Base. J. S. Wright, '90, C. F.
 T. M. Bennett, '92, P. & R. F. H. A. Wardell, '92, (Capt.) C.

'Varsity Base Ball Club, 1889, Toronto.

(Edy Bros., photo.)



VIEW ACROSS THE BAY, FROM FORT SIMPSON, B. C.—MOUNT MCNEILL (4300 FEET) IN THE DISTANCE.
(Hastings Photo. Co.)

THE SEIGNEURIE OF ST. MEDARD.

"From a death of despair and ennuï, Holy Virgin, deliver us."

The needle was actually growing rusty in the hot little hand, and the thread was possessed by a perverse inclination to entangle itself. A sigh broke from Fleurette's troubled breast. The girl's movement of impatience caught the quick eye of Madame de Brie, who was ever on the alert for manifestations of that iniquity which she conceived to be inherent in youth. The dullness was nothing to them—these old people: Aunt de Brie, who ruled with a rod of iron, the veriest old autocrat in Christendom; Aunt Henri, who dreamed only of her past pleasures and triumphs; Jean Louis, who, at twenty-eight, was the oldest of them all. Certainly, Aunt de Brie was endowed with a preternaturally acute sense of observation. Jean Louis never cast a surreptitious glance at his pretty cousin but the hard, black eyes, interpreted its meaning; the sharp tongue mercilessly exposed the enormity of those coquettish wiles, which were intended as snares and pitfalls for the soul's destruction. Fleurette shrugged her pretty shoulders and smiled disdainfully at the absurdity. Jean Louis, indeed, whose conversation always related to the farms and the cattle, who permitted the aunts to domineer over him, who blushed and stammered at a glance from the girl's brown eyes, Poor Jean Louis! If he could only have found the voice that never was his, save in the recesses of his heart, where a restless fire burnt, that made a sweet agony of life, he would have been a poet. As it was, he appeared only a heavy, sullen boor.

"It is celle-là," austere remarked Madame de Brie to her nephew. "It is celle-là who turns the girl's brain with vain fancies."

"Thine aunt's severity is crushing the life of that child," suavely observed Madame Henri. "We must admit thine aunt's range of thought is sadly limited."

Jean Louis was never tempted to divulge his ideas on the subject. It was undeniable that the young man possessed the gift of silence.

"My little cabbage—pretty as a little heart is the child. Chut! little chance has she among them all. Still things arrange themselves," concluded old Jeanne blithely. Jeanne, with her long nose and double chin, her low forehead, which she was continually diminishing by drawing it up into wrinkles when she made grimaces of protest and astonishment; with her busy brain, warm heart and sharp tongue, was like a ray of broad, strong sunshine in the gloomy house in which she had spent thirty years of faithful service. It was a hazardous task steering between the exacting jealousy of Madame de Brie and the plaintive self-compassion of her sister-in-law.

"I place celle-là before myself. She eats my bread, she is clothed by the labour of my hands. I toil, she reposes; I save, she spends. As for gratitude, that I expect not."

"But a dependent, and, of necessity, the last to be considered," lamented Madame Henri. "There is no question of obligation. I accept as I would give."

For long years the two had never held any direct communication.

"Tell celle-là that I desire it should be thus," Madame de Brie would command imperiously.

"It's of no consequence; but you might remind your aunt that I require so-and so," Madame Henri would insinuate gently.

Madame de Brie was a woman whose thoughts and feelings all turned inward around some master disposition of her own selfishness. She had a sort of vehement force of individuality which exalted caprice into a principle and imparted audacity to intellectual littleness. Though she reigned in sovereign supremacy at the Manor House of St. Médard, the Mordecai at her gates assumed the form of a little phlegmatic oyster of a woman with the plaintive voice of one who lived in a chronic state of compassion for her own troubles. Madame Henri's husband had been a prodigal younger son. But in her day Claude de Brie had been counted a beauty, and she had never succeeded in divesting herself of the idea that there was something charmingly fascinating about her own frailties and weaknesses. Madame de Brie had brought a handsome dowry to the family treasury, her thrift and energy had increased the value of the seigneurie fourfold. But there had been some wants in her life, and, with a sharp, prevailing inclination, intensified into action, the grudge which she found herself unable to vent upon Providence, she paid out liberally to her dependents, and always with a salutary conviction, to which she yielded herself with edifying serenity, that in rendering existence grim and unlovely, she was engaged in the righteous performance of a duty. The whole cramped affection of Claude de Brie's heart centred on her nephew. Her jealous, exacting fondness held the young man in bonds strong as iron. Hating the restraint, he was patient and made no effort to elude the obligation.

"For the present we have finished conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer* in all its moods and tenses," joyfully proclaimed Fleurette.

"I detest change," suddenly responded Jean Louis. "He is English—this new cousin. His ways are not as ours."

"Already I have learned all that concerns him." Fleurette was animated by a coquettish desire to tease Jean Louis. "His mother was a Demoiselle Chastel de Brie, and he has but lately arrived from England. He is charged with the construction of the new railway, for he is a great engineer, our cousin Eldred."

"What need of railways? Are we not well at present?" "But I am charmed to see the new cousin," persisted Fleurette childishly.

The great *salon*, with its old-fashioned mirrors and spindle-legged furniture, was thrown open. Madame de Brie rushed frantically after her maids. Fleurette was incessantly occupied in sewing and contriving under the direction of Madame Henri.

"Dame! Is it the young alone who have no preparations to make?" ventured Fleurette timidly.

"What would you, then?" Madame Henri paused amidst her ancient satins, brocades and laces. "It is the duty of thine aunt to arrange you in a manner worthy of a Demoiselle de Brie. Juste ciel!" reflectively, drifting into the egotistical, retrospective monologue in which her soul delighted. "When I recall the preparations that were made for my entrance into the world."

"Celle-là has been teaching thee vanity. Let her supply thee from her stores. Nourish the serpent and prepare to receive the sting. Foolish one! It were better to think of thy prayers."

So it happened that Fleurette met the new relative in a quaint, old-fashioned white gown, that caused her to look absurdly childlike, a bunch of crimson roses, fresh and fair as the girl herself, glowing in her corsage. Eldred Anstruther was not impressionable, but the sight of this youthful, gracious presence, amidst such oddly incongruous surroundings, captivated his imagination.

The Seigneurie of St. Médard was situated in one of the most primitive regions in the Province of Quebec. The people cling to the customs and traditions of their fathers without any desire for change or improvement. The whirl of the spinning-wheel was heard in almost every house; the women, sallow and dark-eyed, chattered volubly; the plump, brown children, gambolled with an abandonment unknown to the Saxon race. Leaving behind him the prosaic routine of modern life, the Englishman seemed to have dropped into a French chateau of the 17th century. Madame was a typical châtelaine of the *ancien régime*—her homely figure was distinguished by a loftiness which was yet inexpressibly easy; and this wild rose, with a face fresh, fair and coquettish, that would have delighted a Greuze, resembled the pretty, airy Walteau pictures one sees on French fans. On an occasion of this kind Madame Henri's star was in the ascendant. An elderly butterfly, galvanized by a momentary ray of sunshine into a feeble imitation of past brilliancy, she displayed her airs and graces for the stranger's benefit. The new arrival was tall and fair and stalwart. Anstruther had often been considered cold and stern and abrupt. It seemed to Fleurette that he wore a delightful air of supremacy. How simple and friendly and cordial he was. Were there then such kings among men? She had thought they were all awkward and uncouth and gloomy like Jean Louis.

"How do you amuse yourself?" Anstruther inquired.

Fleurette raised shy eyes full of startled protest.

"Amusement! But of amusement there is none."

With her demure quaintness and innocent coquetry, this little creature was really interesting. To bring some sort of colour and brightness into this child's gloomy existence might prove a congenial task.

"We shall have to make pleasure for ourselves," he smiled. "You must show me the prettiest walks. Any fishing? You ride, of course? No habit," with a glance at Madame Henri. "Your aunt will easily arrange that."

Aunt de Brie's frown was sufficient to make the firmest nerves thrill and the stoutest heart quail. Even her silence was a critical, irritating, inarticulate expression of disapproval; but Anstruther ignored that as well as Jean Louis' sudden pallor. Such temerity deprived Fleurette of breath; but as no catastrophe resulted, she took courage and demurely permitted herself to be entertained.

"What will it be like here in the winter?" Anstruther asked as the two rode together beside the river.

Fleurette shivered as though in the hot August sunshine she had been smitten by a sudden chill. Then she laughed lightly—winter was so very far away.

"But of a desolation. Last winter was the first I have passed in the world. Aunt de Brie makes her prayers, Aunt Henri weeps, Jean Louis is silent. There is only the good Jeanne who is cheerful."

Anstruther refused to accept the hospitality of the Manor House. He lodged at a farm house in order to be near his work. Jean Louis watched events with a fierceness so dangerously still that it assumed the semblance of patience.

"Tiens, the little one is becoming really pretty."

Madame Henri examined her niece with critical deliberation. "When the cousin has departed then shall we begin the annual inspection of the linen," announced Madame de Brie.

A pang like the agony of death touched Claude's heart. Sick and faint she cowered beneath the steady gaze of Jean Louis.

That evening Anstruther paid his farewell visit to the Manor House. A subtle change had come over Fleurette. The restless glow and sparkle of the girl fascinated the Englishman. Her face flushed into radiant, laughing beauty. Madame de Brie snarled, Madame Henri languidly displayed her faded airs and graces, Jean Louis scowled beneath his heavy black brows; but the discouraging atmosphere had no effect in depressing the girl's brilliant spirits.

"Fleurette will make a charming woman. Poor little flower, ruthlessly encompassed by thorns," Anstruther thought as he walked away, and then dismissed the subject from his mind.

Before the September morning had fairly dawned Jeanne aroused Jean Louis.

"The chamber of the little one is empty." Is it the trouble of walking in her sleep that has again overtaken her? It's to thee, my fine, big fellow, to protect the child. Hasten then before the awakening of Madame."

"Where the treasure is there shall the heart be." Jeanne's steps turned instinctively toward the village. A wild confusion of thoughts chased through Jean Louis's mind, but his steps never faltered as he followed closely.

The grey mist that shrouded the landscape became tinged with golden light. With a despairing gesture Jeanne stopped short. A groan, which seemed wrung from some dark depths of pain, broke from de Brie's labouring breast. Across the threshold of the farm house at which Anstruther lodged, motionless as one dead, lay the slender form of a woman. She stirred and her eyes unclosed with a wild expression of terror. Just at that moment the door opened and Anstruther—fresh, cool and unconcerned—appeared. A dread of something that she dared not acknowledge, even to herself, curdled the blood in Fleurette's veins. She had had no experience of tragic possibilities; but this lurid light, which suddenly illumined all things, was like a revelation. With a low moaning cry she turned to her cousin, stretching out her hands as though blinded. Jean Louis presented peace, security and the old serene order of things, as Anstruther did the hideous suspicion of pain, shame and terror. A strong shudder, like a convulsion, shook her from head to foot, and all the gracious freshness of her youth seemed to dry up within her.

At the sight of Anstruther's expression of complete mystification, a cruel suspicion perished in de Brie's breast. The Englishman glanced silently from one to another. The tears still glistened on Jeanne's withered cheeks. Jean Louis's heavy face was transformed by a glow of deep and earnest feeling. The girl was wrapped in the folds of a heavy cloak. Her head was bare, and in the cool blueness of the early dawn, the light just touches the ripples of golden brown hair. What could this child know of passion and suffering? And yet that awful look in her eyes. His heart awakened with a throb and swelled responsive to a new spring of impassioned emotion.

"Mademoiselle, my cousin, has the misfortune to be a somnambulist, and has been followed by the good Jeanne. My cousin, my affianced wife."

Jean Louis was certainly master of the situation. There was no trace of bashfulness in his voice; the awkward, slouching form, had acquired an unfamiliar dignity. Anstruther's keen glance rested upon Fleurette. All the soft youthfulness of her face had settled into a stern gravity; her whole figure was full of resolution—a kind of inspiration that imparted character to every motion.

"This is a surprise. I congratulate you," he said, holding the girl's passive hand in his firm, warm grasp.

With scared faces the two looked at each other. It seemed as if across a great space—as if between them flowed the seas.

In midwinter Eldred Anstruther paid a visit to the seigneurie, a farewell before his departure for England. The old Manor House, half buried in snowdrifts, seemed more weird and gloomy than ever. Fleurette had grown thin and there were dark circles beneath her eyes, but she was in the highest spirits, and her sparkling brilliancy jarred inexplicably upon the young man's mood.

That night, as he thoughtfully smoked a last cigar before retiring, Jean Louis entered. Anstruther smoked and chatted with an effort to make himself agreeable to his host. De Brie neither smoked nor talked. The large apartment was lighted by tall, silver lamps, which cast a soft glimmer of illumination in their own immediate vicinity, while beyond the room was shrouded in dusky, wavering shadows. Jean Louis sat in the gloom. His eyes were remote, immovable points of darkness beneath heavy, restless brows; the stern, shadowed face, was rigid; the broad, bowed shoulders; the gaunt frame, from which the coat fell away in loose folds; the nervous hands clasping and unclasping upon his knees—all impressed Anstruther unpleasantly. There had been little intimacy between the two men. Their relations had been characterized by courtesy rather than mutual interest. The careless, jesting words died away on the Englishman's lips. A strange constraint possessed him.

"I must be up early to catch my train. I must plead guilty of feeling rather tired."

"Hold! Not yet!" The restless hands were gripped tightly together. A sudden energy stirred the huge figure. "I have, all my life, loved the little Fleurette, me." The words were flung out without explanation or comment. "Figure to yourself what life is like here, and I, a boy, coming home from college—the Jesuits'—where all my youth had been spent. Dull, silent, reserved, but young, above all, remember, young. The gloom, the silence, the isolation appal me—crush the life of the soul. I have wild plans. I will deliver myself from the bondage. The world stretches wide before me. Then the little one comes from her convent." There is a pause. Anstruther, listening with an attention almost painful in its eagerness, is conscious that for the first time his cousin has assumed a definite personality, clearly and distinctly marked. "In the college we had no knowledge of women. I had indifference, nay, more, even disdain, for these creatures of whom I knew nothing. The aunts were yet more indifferent than I, and the little one—she had but lost her mother—was desolate, but of a desolation to pierce the heart. She was like a little, wounded, fluttering bird. It was the good Jeanne who, in pity to us both, engaged me to interest

me in the child. Once she had thrown her little arms around my neck and sobbed herself to sleep on my shoulder. I was hers forever. A new hope blossomed—that endowed me with patience and with endurance. When life is steeped through and through with one sentiment—unwavering, unalterable—when its unrealized strength and passion swell in your veins, what does anything matter? Her vacations! Ah! that was heaven. And when she returned to the Sacred Heart I dreamed of her looks and words and was content. You came. For my hopes it was an end as sudden and final as death."

"I!" in a voice of sharp, incredulous amazement. "The little one laughed and wept and grew more beautiful than ever she had been before. Love is jealous and keen-eyed. I saw it all. It was like being burnt in a fire, consumed slowly and continuously. You remember that autumn morning when, in her troubled sleep, Fleurette's aching heart carried her to your door. I could have killed her as she lay there—forn, innocent, broken-hearted. Then the devil entered my heart. Her outraged pride threw her into my power. I knew with whom I had to deal. Her scorching shame of her own weakness drove her frantic. You comprehend, the devil tempted me. I seized the opportunity. At last the love of my life was mine."

His head, huge and grotesque, sank upon his breast; his hands were hanging inertly at his side. The whole frame work of the body seemed to collapse. To Anstruther this spectacle of a soul unveiling its most secret recesses was abhorrent. He dared not look at the dark, furrowed face, or meet the glance of the gloomy eyes. He covered his face with his hand to shut out the sight.

"All my life long I had dreamed of the moment when the little one would be my own. I had gained my desire and she was farther from me than she had ever been." The voice was monotonous with the immovable apathy of despair. "Her hands lay cold in my clasp; the dreamy, absent look, deepened in her eyes; her lips forgot to smile; her voice no longer made music in the house." I say, "I will yet win her. My love, so strong, so patient, so enduring, it must triumph."

I hope! I doubt! I fear! I despair!
"Jean Louis," I say, "thou hast made a mistake. As the head of the house, it is for thee to protect the helpless dependent upon thee. Behold a plain duty. Of what use thy love save for the happiness of the little one? Wilt thou see her perish for lack of that which thou art capable of securing her? Love means sacrifice. That is quite simple. Monsieur, my cousin, you comprehend then?"

The hot blood flooded Anstruther's temples. For an instant the two men regarded each other steadily.

"I am ashamed," the Englishman cried hastily and awkwardly, then his voice grew husky. "God bless you," he said.

Jean Louis arose. He spoke with suavest courtesy. "I congratulate you, my cousin. There is nothing more to be said."

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL,
Author of "Pink Porcelaine," "Mademoiselle de Carabas," etc., etc.

HAWORTH CHURCH AND THE BRONTE FAMILY.

Haworth Church has been so much altered and "improved" under the auspices of its present vicar that nearly every vestige of interest or romance has been "improved" off the face of it. An ordinary marble slab in the wall records that the different members of the Brontë family repose in a vault at the other end of the building, and over the vault itself a small brass plate has the names of Charlotte and Emily Brontë engraved upon its face.

We had thought this had been all, when the deaf old sexton, who had been in vain endeavouring to elicit our admiration for a reredos presented by the vicar's wife, (which to my mind made but poor amends for all her husband had swept away), suddenly exclaimed, "Well, there's the window!"

"The window! What window?"

Without waste of words, he jogged down a side aisle and called a halt in front of a very handsome, small stained-glass window, bearing the inscription, "In pleasant memory of Charlotte Brontë," put up by—whom do you think?—an American citizen! There was no name, no indication given whereby the plain "American citizen" might be identified, and it has actually been left to this unknown, noble-minded denizen of another country to erect the only spontaneous memorial which has so far been granted to the memory of one of England's greatest female novelists!

Haworth Churchyard is full of grey, weather-beaten tablets, above which the storm-tossed alders sigh, and among which the leaves were dropping as we stood. Behind lies the open moor, not purple and heathery, but covered with short-cropped, starved-looking grass, occasionally intersected by the stone walls of the district. The nearest of these inclosures, lying at the back of the church and parsonage, would doubtless be the playground of the poor little motherless Brontës when first that sombre parsonage became their home. Through it, when older grown, they would ramble forth on sombre walks and thoughts intent. (Emily, we know, was an especial lover of such expedition, and this field path would be her only outlet.) Roads are few in the vicinity, and her only alternative would be that which traverses the main street of the village. We can hardly picture her making it her choice.
—L. B. Walford, in *Longman's Magazine*.

A HUMBLE POET.

"Read from some humble poet
Whose songs gushed from his heart
Like rain from the clouds in summer,
Or as tears from the eyelids start."

It could not fail that a country like Canada should produce many singers who will never be heard of, hidden away in its many remote nooks, where the advantages of education have never reached them, or who have had but slender help in struggling up toward the light. Now and then we meet with one of these who, notwithstanding penury, hard fortune, lack of education, and every outward force combined, still survive to show us how glorious, under any circumstances, is that divine spark we call genius. A poor pack-peddler, by the name of Martin Butler, who carries his wares about through some of those lovely counties in the Province of New Brunswick, of the praises of which he unburdens his heart in some very musical lines, which will follow this introduction, would certainly appear to be one of those to whom the foregoing remarks would fully and adequately apply. In his little collection of poems, gotten together under the title "Maple Leaves and Hemlock Branches," he tells in simple verse the story of his life, which, not possessing the merits of some of the shorter pieces, I will merely piece together in plain prose and give to the readers of this article in a brief outline of facts. Our humble friend seems always to have been the subject of hard fortune, but the hardest stroke of all was losing his right arm, which was caught in some machinery of a tannery where he was working at that time on Grand Lake Stream. He tells pathetically how, being alone at the time of the accident,

"I was left there a-hanging,
About six feet from the floor,
Alone in those jaws of iron,
For half an hour or more."

After that, when able to be about again, it appears he entered on the pursuit of peddling as being best suited to his circumscribed abilities, and throughout, it would seem, pursued "the noiseless tenor of his way" along the pleasant highways and byways of the very loveliest portion of a country famous alike for its enchanting and glorious scenery and the warm hospitality of its farmstead homes.

So, Martin's lot, on the whole, cannot be looked upon as a sad one, notwithstanding its varied adversities; having no cares heavier than that "pack," and a home in any farm house throughout Charlotte, York and Sunbury, carrying about all the while a "singing soul," and an eye to catch the "lovely glints

On rock and river, on field and tree."

Martin, thou art one, methinks, whom some of us might envy, who have learned with old Francis Quarles that

"Wealth is bags of care,
Wisdom but folly—joy, disquiet, sadness."

For my part, who know the loveliness of the scenes of Martin's wanderings, who drank them in through the wondering eyes of childhood and the ardent ones of youth, it is a pleasant picture to fancy him laying down his burden to stand and gaze as the witchery of some scene of surpassing beauty, by a turn of the road or a rise of a hill, lies revealed before him. Then, with a soul filled with the exceeding sweetness of those harmonies which the voice of nature breathes, taking up his load and trudging on again with, no doubt,

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

With this brief introduction I beg to lay before the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED two of the first poems in Martin's little collection, to which I have already alluded. No doubt he will be pleased to receive the "right hand of fellowship," as he calls it in his introduction, from a larger number than those whose interest he bespeaks:

CHARLOTTE, YORK AND SUNBURY.

"Broad vales in beauty bright expand,
And stately mountains tower grand;
Blue rivers flow to meet the sea
Through Charlotte, York and Sunbury."

Fair towns arise by field and flood,
And leagues of dark outspreading wood
Fling to the sky their banners free
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

Here Nature spreads with bounteous hand
The fairest scenes of any land;
Peace, wealth and joy forever be
To Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

Of, when by heat and toil oppress,
I've sat me down to muse and rest
Beneath some grand outspreading tree
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

Or when, as shades of eve draw nigh,
Unto some farm house I would hie,
Whose doors were never shut to me
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury.

Oh, that my skill could paint you here
The countless scenes my heart holds dear,
In rock and river, field and tree
In Charlotte, York and Sunbury."

A RETROSPECT.

The day is drawing to a close,
Athwart the west the sun a ray
Of soft, resplendent beauty throws
Upon the landscape far away.
And as its pale, expiring beams
Recede beyond yon hill of pines,
Flashing a thousand parting gleams,
In separate yet converging lines,
I see from out my casement dim
The river bathed in shining gold,
And round its well remembered rim
The scenes I loved in days of old.
The tints that of old I saw
I see again in all its pride,
Reposing tranquilly upon
The grand St. John's historic side,
A holy quiet fills the vales,
The breezes whisper soft and low,
Anon the idly flapping sails
Of many barges come and go.

Full ten long years have passed since when
I last set foot on this dear strand;
'Twas childhood's day of promise then
And pictures too divinely grand.
Oh, weary years of chance and change,
How short! but oh, how full of woe,
How different from those happy days
I stand beside these waters now!

But still the flowers plucked in youth,
Though withered by misfortune's blast,
Retain within the soul a truth
And grateful fragrance that will last—
Thus, though my sky be overcast
With fateful clouds, portentous, great,
A light is still upon it cast,
'Tis not in fate to dissipate.

MARIAN J. MILLS.

* St. John. † Fredrieton

JE PENSE A TOI.

Je pense à toi, dès que je vois l'aurore,
En souriant, nous annoncer le jour;
Et, quand la nuit sur les monts d'alentour,
Etend son ombre, à toi je pense encore.

Je pense à toi, dans les bosquets de flore,
Lorsque zéphir se joue au sein des fleurs;
Et quand le froid, de leurs vives couleurs,
Ternit l'email, à toi je pense encore.

Je pense à toi, quand ma lyre sonore,
Du tendre amour repète les doux chants;
Quand mes accords, en sons plaintifs et lents,
Se font entendre, à toi je pense encore.

Je pense à toi, que mon cœur adore,
Lorsque des jeux m'environne l'essaim;
Et, si mon âme, en proie au noir chagrin,
Souffre, et gemit, à toi je pense encore.

(Translated.)

I think of thee, when rosy finger'd morn
First heralds day to all the world and me;
And when, upon the mountains chaos-born,
Night spreads her wings,—oh, still I think of thee.

I think of thee, among the banks of flowers,
When summer zephyrs play through ev'ry tree;
And, when the north's chill blast unshades the bowers,
And leaves are dead, oh, still I think of thee.

I think of thee, when to sonorous strings,
I make sweet songs of tender love agree;
When Echo, still, with unseen voice re-sings
My plaintive notes,—oh, still I think of thee.

I think of thee, sweet hauntress of my thoughts,
When pleasure makes my heart bound light and free;
And if, when Fate sad grief to me allots,
I pine and fret,—oh, still I think of thee.



MISS ANNIE LAMPMAN, PIANISTE.
(Topley, photo.)



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, POET.
(Topley, photo.)



TSA-WA-TEE, KNIGHT'S INLET, B.C.



J. R. HALL, SECRETARY OF THE DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR, OTTAWA.
(Topley, photo.)



When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.

What is called "lime water" is easily made. Drop some common quick-lime into an uncovered vessel of water, and let it stand for a day or two, shaking up occasionally. When settled pour off the clear liquid, which is lime water. Keep in a corked bottle to avoid decomposition from the action of the air.

LEMON JELLY.—Make a rich lemonade, using about four lemons to a pint of water, also enough sugar to make it sweet. Strain carefully through a cloth, and then add half-box of gelatine; after having dissolved it in a little water, strain again several times; then put in moulds and place on ice to become solid.

Bread and milk made fresh twice a day, should form the principal food for parrots. Soak the bread in hot water, drain, and pour boiling milk over it, but do not make it too moist. Place in a glass kept very clean. Vary the food occasionally with biscuits, nuts, fruits, and mixed hemp, canary and millet seeds.

ORANGE PIE.—Pulp and juice of two oranges, a little of the grated peel, the yolks of three eggs, one cupful sugar, one cupful milk; stir the yolks with the sugar, then a tablespoonful of butter, then the juice, lastly the milk; bake with under crust only; after the pie has cooled, spread on it the whites of the three eggs, stiffly frothed and sweetened; then set in again in the oven to brown slightly.

When the eyes have been used for a long time by artificial light and become fatigued, it is a useful plan to have at hand a lotion composed of rose or elder-flower water, two ounces; wine of opium, half a drachm, French brandy, one drachm. Mix, and occasionally bathe the eyes with a fine piece of sponge. The grateful sensation of relief will be at once evident. It will allay inflammation, and preserve the sight.

TO WHIP CREAM.—Cream should be of the proper consistency to whip properly. If too rich, and whipped very long, it will turn to butter; if thin and poor it will not whip solid. Cream for whipping should be rich, but thin enough to pour off a spoon. It should be left on ice until thoroughly cold. If cream is to be flavoured and sweetened see that it is done before whipping. Then put in the churn and whip. Skim off as it froths, and keep cold until ready to serve.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

Though spring is as yet anything but suggestive of blooming flowers and gay colours, the milliners are as usual ahead of time, and are already showing some wonderful bonnets that are either completely crownless, or have mere bands of lace covering the crown of the head and fastened at the back with a pin or long ribbon. In fact so small are some of the bonnets that they seem to be made up of almost nothing but wreaths of flowers, just enough to partially conceal the hair. If bonnets are to be small, hats go to the other extreme, some of the rims extending fully six inches from the crown—which, by the way, is much lower this year—to the front rim. Some beautiful new shades are introduced, of which those of a bluish tinge will be very popular. Black, however, with jet ornaments and lace will be considered one of the correct things under all circumstances. Feathers are also to be greatly worn, and come in all the new shades. Apropos of spring bonnets, the story is told of Rowland Hill that he once began a sermon with the words, "Look at my wife there, with a chest of drawers on her head." The congregation stared at the poor lady thus pointed out, but only perceived that she wore a new bonnet. "She has sold a chest of drawers, and bought a new bonnet with the proceeds." Then he went on to inveigh against female love of dress.

The general tendency of the spring goods is to greater elegance of material and more simplicity in the cut of the gown. So marked is this tendency to simplicity of cut that it is safe to predict a reaction in a few seasons; but no such change has yet come, in spite of the rumours of a return to hoops. Clinging classic styles will remain in ascendant for the coming spring and summer.

The new cloths are of soft texture, and in design the tartan leads. Shepherds' checks, in black and white, are freely imported, and some of the prettiest, of sheer fine woollens, warm enough for early spring, are shown with six or seven half-inch stripes of raised white wool as a border. It is as soft as mate in weave as white velvet, which it closely simulates, though woven in a plain surface without a pile. Twilled woollens, with fancy borderings and rough surface cloth that have the appearance of unusual weight, are in vogue for street wear. The dart, which has been at once the pride and vexation of modistes, that has cunningly defined the slenderness of woman's waist for so

long, has already been discarded by two Parisian dress-makers. They cut the waist in a more generous way, and hide the fulness in folds and tucks. The effect is most artistic, perhaps, or will seem so when we become accustomed to it. In some of the bodices even the shoulder seams are considered objectionable, and hidden under drapery by having the sleeves shirred over them and apparently come from the neck band.

The leading colour of the coming season, will be violet. We shall not be pinned down to one particular shade of this trying colour, however, as heliotropes, lavenders and other light hues will be worn. The orient violet that is just now to be seen about looks well against nothing, but there are certain shades that harmonize exquisitely with other colours, and in which fair and delicately complexioned women look charming. But at best it is a dangerous colour to affect, for, if it does not make the wearer look leaden-hued, it generally clashes with the apparel of all one comes in contact with as well as with the decorations of one's own and everybody else's rooms.

Among the notable costumes at the Queen's last drawing-room was a symphony in black and white. On a black velvet bodice reposed an immense silver butterfly, with a smaller one on the shoulder and white plumes on the other. The skirt was of white silk, with more silver butterflies and the train of black velvet bordered with swan's down. Another gown was of white silk, profusely ornamented with Indian gold, having a diamond bird on the bodice.

At a recent great ball at the Russian court all the ladies appeared in white, without any other ornaments than diamonds, pearls and their own beauty. The Empress herself was present, and danced in nearly every dance. The scene is said to have been marvellously beautiful. The White Room in the Winter Palace, where the ball was held, is so large that 3,000 persons danced there with ease.

The latest thing in women's clubs is the Ladies' Rifle Club in Bermuda, which is vigorously supported and well attended. The Governor's wife is the President, and is herself no mean performer with the rifle, while the club numbers nearly seventy members. The range is limited to 100 yards, and astonishingly good practice is accomplished, considering the short time the new pastime has been in vogue. So much enthusiasm has been aroused by the monthly prize contests that people have established private ranges, and it is quite as customary to see young ladies start out with their rifles to a garden party as with tennis rackets. Their code has been drawn up on the Wimbledon rules, and is most rigidly enforced by the committee.

GRIMSBY.

Grimsby is a romantic town on the south side of Lake Ontario—seventeen miles from Hamilton, fifteen from St. Catharines and twenty-six from Niagara Falls, on the line of the Great Western Railway. It is four miles from the shore of the lake. The natural beauty of the overhanging mountain has made it famous, and the extensive planting of peach orchards and vineyards in these latter years have added further attractions to it. Lastly, in a social and religious sense, it has come into notice within the last three or four years as a mid-summer resort. A large tabernacle has been erected there, which reverberates incessantly at certain seasons of the year to the declamations of the religious and other orators, not only, or not even, chiefly of Canada, but also, or mainly, of the Great Republic across the lines.

All round the western end of Lake Ontario, from Hamilton to Niagara, forty-three miles, on the south side; and to Toronto on the north side, a like distance, there stand at intervals of some miles from each other precipitous scarped promontorial rocks, coming forward from the tablelands at the back, and ranging themselves like giants round the shore of the lake's immense expanse of water. These lofty, bold projections, above the lake level are a charm to us, who are the children of the country.

From the top of Grimsby rock one sees the morning dawn over a vast landscape, and over an interminable waste of waters, towards the east. On our side of the lake, the south, we see the famous "Queenston Heights, and coming westward a few miles, near St. Catharines, we note a conspicuous and beautiful summit, called, by way of distinction, "Mountain Point." On our left hand tower the Hamilton precipices, at the foot of which the city nestles in the midst of beautiful scenery. Across the lake to the northward, ten or twelve miles from the shore, rises another group of the giant brotherhood, the Halton Heights. In kingly and majestic form and bulk they overgaze the interposed country. Next, further east, the

gray "Highlands of York" lift themselves high over the lands to the south, and over the Queen City of Ontario, Toronto, the Pride of the West. Lastly, the great bluffs of Scarborough—white, sea-worn and beetling—fill our view to the east.

To the dwellers by these "mountains" (as we call them), an exhilarative and mind-kindling view may always be had round this wide horizon to those precipitous headlands on all sides, showing themselves, blue, gray or misty, as the atmosphere puts its colours upon them:

"Yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air;"

and the beautiful sea of waters, beautiful at all times, "in calm or storm."

CROWQUILL.

GRIMSBY IN WINTER.

Something still of hope is springing,
In the bitter winter time:
Nature still some joy is bringing,
Stirring deep the sense sublime.

January now is ending,
And the morn is calm and bright:
From the east the Sun is sending
Level bars of glowing light.

All is softly—deeply resting
Where the homes of Grimsby lie:
Peaceful calm the place investing,
Charms a nature-loving eye.

And I start upon a ramble,
Spite of winter ice and snow:
Loving still a mountain scramble.
And the views the mountains show.

Here by Grimsby's town is standing
High in air a craggy steep;
From its lonely top commanding
Distant views of land and deep.

On this crag I now am pacing,
On its shoulder high and bare;
And each distant scene I'm tracing
Through the purpling tints of air.

Far below the Lake is sleeping,
Bright and pearly in its hue;
Life and beauty ever keeping
E'en in winter's bleakest view.

There the Scarborough Bluffs are glowing
In the early morning light:
Here Niagara's rocks are showing
Far to eastward on the right.

Hamilton, her walls are closing;
Mountain walls with rocky steeps:
She in winter rest reposing
Like a cradled infant sleeps.

"Halton's Heights" to north are ranging,
Guardians of the other side:
They with ours are interchanging
Mountain signals far and wide.

East of these to morn awaking
Highland hills of York stand forth:
Titan wall, they, too, are making
Round Ontario's blue to north.

Near me here a crag is flinging
Down a gorge a shade of gray,
Where a mountain stream is singing
Over rocks its sounding way.

From the deep sunk vale ascending
Come the voices of the tide;
And their mingling sounds are blending
Like a wind-struck forest wide.

Where the scarped Cliff is soaring,
Right against the Orb of day
There the flashing rays are pouring,
Loosening crumbling rocks and clay.

Steadily the heat is battling
With the frosty grasp of "Thor":
Round the steep with frequent rattling
Fall the victims of their war.

Now in pleasant sunlight basking
Down beneath the Cliff I stray:
And no more my strength I'm tasking
Walking slow a level way.

Thus my mountain tour I'm ending,
Listing Nature's cheering voice:
Forth the lines of hope I'm sending,
And in Winter's cold rejoice.

Grimsby.

CROWQUILL.

PERSONAL

The Hon. Mr. Laurier is, we are glad to say, convalescent after his short illness.

Mr. Whitcher, Deputy Sheriff of the St. Francis district, is said to be seriously ill.

His many friends will be glad to know that the Hon. Secretary of State is about quite well again.

Norman Logan, formerly a writer for the *Halifax Herald*, has been elected a member of the Hawaiian legislature.

Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., has no reason to be discouraged at the temporary failure of his bill against trap shooting. It has elicited many expressions of opinion that there is no sympathy between genuine sport and either cruelty or gambling.

Father Legaré, of Oak Lake, Man., who was sent out to Alsace by the Canadian Pacific Railway, writes to Commissioner Hamilton, that he will start in a few days some of the picked immigrants for settlement in the North-West Territories.

Mrs. Mullarky, who died recently in this city, was one of the oldest and most efficient workers for the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and St. Bridget's Refuge. Her death is a serious loss to the cause of benevolence and a source of sorrow to many survivors.

Mr. Davin, in calling the attention of the House to the need of a broad general scheme for furthering immigration to Canada, and especially to Manitoba and the North-West Territories, will have the sympathy of all who would see Canada growing great and strong.

The Hon. Mr. Rhodes's 100 acres grant is having no lack of applicants. One of the latest petitioners, Arthur Roulander, of St. Joseph d'Alma, writes that he is 35, his wife 34, and that they have been married 16 years. And he adds: "I send you also the photograph of my family, on which you will count twelve children; unfortunately one of them has since died, but I am not discouraged. It will be replaced in a few days. This will be the fourteenth child."

One of the prettiest and most sensible girls in Mount Carmel, Connecticut, Miss Nellie Patterson, has just finished a four years' apprenticeship, and is now earning her living as a full-fledged machinist. She had to make her way in life, so she learned the work for which she had a natural bent. Now she is pronounced as clever and efficient as any workman in the shop where she is employed, while her success has been accomplished without any sacrifice of womanliness.

The portrait of Henry M. Stanley is to be painted by Miss E. M. Merrick, the same English artist who went to Cairo to paint the picture of the Khedive. When Mr. Stanley's portrait is finished he will present it to the Royal Geographical Society. It is said, in connection with other testimonials to Stanley's increased fame, that a Birmingham manager who paid him fifteen guineas the last time he lectured in that town, now offers three hundred guineas, and fears that even this sum will not be sufficient to secure an address from the explorer.

The commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston (General Cameron), will be glad to hear of any officer of the Canadian forces interested in installing and establishing an organized system of messenger pigeon stations throughout the country. Officers at any of the undernoted towns are especially appealed to for co-operation: Windsor, London, Goderich, St. Catharines, Toronto, Peterboro, Ottawa, Montreal, Sherbrooke (Quebec), Kamouraska, Rimouski, Colebrook, Fredericton, St. John, Chatham, St. Annes, Gaspé, Pictou, Halifax.

Hon. Speaker and Madame Ouimet gave a dinner on the 13th inst., to which the following were invited: Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Collier, Capt. McMahon, Major Prevost, A.D.C.; Miss Lister, Miss Lay, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Hon. J. G. Haggart, Hon. C. C. Colby, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Dr. Grandbois, M.P.; Mr. Choquette, M.P.; Mr. Prefontaine, M.P.; Mr. Ward, M.P.; Dr. Fiset, M.P.; Mr. Dessaint, M.P.; Mr. W. Bain, M.P.; Mr. J. A. Massue, M.P.; Mr. and Mrs. Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Deville, Mr. Cargill, M.P., and Mrs. Cargill, Mr. McMillan, M.P., and Mrs. McMillan, and Mr. John Black.

The present head of the Shelley family, Sir Edward, a nephew of the poet, is a widower on the shady side of sixty, and lives on the family's beautiful estates in Hampshire, South of England. The house, a red brick structure, was built and lived in by Charles II. Sir Edward, till he settled down in 1863, led a wild career of adventure. Finding the life of a British cavalry officer too tame, at the opening of the Crimean war he joined the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, and was made a Pasha by the Sultan. Then he hunted in the wilds of South Africa, and afterward came to America to enjoy the rough sport of the Western prairies. The Indians captured and kept him a prisoner for years, making him a chief, but watching him closely till he found an opportunity to escape. Later he travelled in China and Japan.

"The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

BY MAY AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

"It's a fine world for some folk."

The place seemed saturated with that stillness peculiar to an August afternoon. The leaves had been kissed into silence by the sultry sun. Not a cloud had come across the sky. The sun had held unbroken sway since morning. From the open windows of the large gray house no sound issued. It might have been the Castle of Beauty before the awakening only these vines trailing over the verandah had not grown at wanton will, they were pruned and cared for and clustered high up to the roof, where they were lost amongst the chimneys, and the smooth, green lawn and trim flower beds all testified to recent care.

At the back of the house, though, a different aspect of things presented itself to view. There was no idle dreaminess there. The large cooking range was doing its Monday duty, going at full blast; the kettle boiled and bubbled, sending a white line of steam out into the sunlight, while the whole air was pervaded with the delicious vague aroma which proceeds from freshly boiled fruit. In the outer kitchen soap suds reigned, to the detriment of all minor trifles, as Bridget, bare to the elbows, open at the throat, displaying a brown and unlovely neck, rubbed and soaked, and rinsed and steamed, as she sang in gleeful snatches:

"There's one wide river,
And that's the river of Jording."

(Pause, and a more vigorous scrub.)

"There's one wide river,
There's one more river to cross't."

She had just struggled through the rinsing of a large sheet, and now her big, brown bony hands wrung it vigorously. It fell in serpentine winding into the tub again, and writhed under her touch like a living thing. She stopped her singing and spoke aloud.

"I wish't I was in heaven."

Evidently this remark was the outcome of her present employment. There she would be washed not washing.

"It's a fine world for some folk," she went on.

Now, Mother Nature had not made Bridget a living personification of that delightful truth of which the poet sings, "Beauty is a joy forever." In fact, Bridget possessed a strong personality, but one which no one, however insignificant, would resign that insignificance for. Her tooth, I use the singular, for in truth she had but one, made up in length and breadth what it lacked in lieu of fellows. It was situated in the centre of the lower jaw, and closed over her upper lip, when silent, with tenacious affection. Just now, though, it was going up and down with startling rapidity.

"It's a fine world, indeed! A fine world for some folk. Here, I've rubbing my very skin off my knuckles, while her lays upstairs thinking of her ills. Lord!"

She gave a tremendous tug to the final end of the sheet, and the water flew up into the face of a man who entered at the moment.

He made no remonstrance, gave no rebuke, but brushed his face with his red flannel shirt sleeve, and then stood watching Bridget's manœuvres in the wash-tub. She evidently had a spite against the fine lace skirt now in her hands by the savage way in which she handled the delicate things. She even smiled when a slender rent appeared in one of the flounces.

"Carelessness, Bridget, carelessness," she enunciated in such fine tones it was apparent they were not her own. She held the skirt up, with the rent in full view, for the man's inspection, and smiled again. That rent seemed to revive her spirits.

"Get away, you selfish man. Have you naught to do but come and crow over me. How's the flower bed?"

"Weeded."

"And the path?"

"Raked."

"And the horses?"

"Fed and watered."

"And the dead branches?"

"Cut; every one."

"And have you nothing left to do but contemplate my charms?" this with a sardonic smile and the tooth well to the fore.

"I just came in, I thought as *her* might have some message—"

The man stopped short, for the passage door was pushed open from within and "her" appeared on the threshold.

"Bridget, and didn't you hear of my calling?"

"No, ma'am."

"It's too bad, and me waiting for my tea this half hour and more, and the pains all over me."

Bridget wrung the water from her hands, wiped them in her apron, and hastened to put some tea to draw, while Mrs. Melville sank into a chair and, with hand clasped to her side, gave way to feeble moans, until a steaming cup of creamless, sugarless tea was brought her by the forgetful Bridget.

"And what are you standing there for, Simon Chunk, hindering Bridget and wasting of your time? Your time is my money; go and get the cow to milk; it's just supper time, and no fresh milk for Miss Rosie."

Simon Chunk slouched out of the kitchen. He was not sorry to get out of the stifling atmosphere of his mistress's presence into the freedom of air and sky. He gave a short, sharp whistle as he went, and through a hole in the hedge

a large red setter appeared. There was evidently a perfect understanding between these two, for Simon Chunk merely said "Well, Pet," as the creature caught up to him, and the dog rubbed her head for one moment against his grimy hand by way of greeting.

A child was standing in the front gateway as the pair passed. A child in years and stature, but if ever an old spirit looked out from a face it did there. When she spoke her forehead contracted, and peevish lines gathered round her mouth.

"Hurry, Simon Chunk, hurry! What are you going so slowly for?"

This brought the man instantly to a standstill, with a husky, mirthless laugh. His voice had become habitually husky from his constant desire to please and his constant dread of not doing so.

"I'm going just now to fetch the cow, Miss Rosie, to get a glass of nice warm milk for your supper, as your ma told me."

"You ought to have known to go without being told; hurry, now."

Simon Chunk and the dog went on, leaving the miserable-looking child still standing in the gate.

Presently a figure in clerical garb came into sight. The child's face changed instantly. All the lines vanished, the corners of her mouth curved upwards in a smile of seraphic sweetness, so that when the Reverend George Miles looked at her he thought "What a sweet face the child has," and lingered to speak.

"How is your mamma to-day, Rose?"

"Not very well, thank you; she is getting a companion on Friday, and then she may be better."

"A companion," he repeated quickly after her. It was impossible to interpret the expression which came into his face. "Is she young?"

"Not very; twenty-two. She is quite a lady. Mamma got good references."

"Tell your mamma I shall come to see her soon." He touched his hat, patted the child on the head and hurried on, just as the big white cow came along with Pet at her heels and Simon Chunk in the rear.

"How slow you are, Simon Chunk," said the child, and all the wrinkles had come back into her face. "Can't you make the cow come quicker?"

"You see just how it is, Miss Rosie," said the man, in his peculiar husky tones. "If she goes any quicker maybe it might turn the milk."

He went on repeating this to himself with satisfaction. He felt he had developed an idea.

The gong sounded for tea soon after this, and Rosie ran in in haste.

Nothing could be more incongruous than her name. Everything about the child was unchildlike, and thin and pale and unlovely, and her hair, a dark, colourless brown, fell as far as her shoulders in straight strings.

Her mother lay on the library sofa, covered with a many-coloured Afghan. The child stole up to her quietly and kissed her lightly.

"Poor illy mammy."

The only reply she got was a faint groan. The old look of anxiety deepened in Rosie's face. She went to the table, poured out a cup of tea and brought it back to the sofa and stood patiently holding it there.

After a moment or two her mother moved, groaned, sat up, took a sip of the tea, and then spoke in a half whisper:

"Where have you been, Rosie?"

"Just at the gate. Mr. Mills passed. He asked after you, and I told him how you were, and that you were expecting a companion on Friday."

"A lady friend. Remember, Rosie, you are to call her a lady friend; it sounds better."

Then Rosie crept back to the table and fingered a biscuit as she drank her glass of milk, casting side-long glances now and then in the direction of the library sofa. After a time she again approached her mother.

"You haven't eaten anything, Rosie."

"Oh, yes I have; a big biscuit, and I've had lots of fruit this afternoon."

"You know I won't have you eating between meals. Did you drink all your milk?"

"Nearly all."

"Go and finish it."

The child went back to the table and drained the glass, which she had left half full, and then came back, and, seating herself by the window, took up a book.

"You mustn't read so much, Rosie. It is bad for the brain. Put on your hat and take a nice run round the garden."

There was a visible relaxation about the child's eyebrows.

"But you will be all alone?"

"Bridget isn't going out to-night. She says she is tired—tired after the washing of that handful of clothes. Run off now. After Friday I need never be alone. I am glad for you, Rosie, that Miss Power is coming."

"Yes, and she is so old she will never wish to go out."

Then this child, with the unchildlike face, went slowly out of the room and flew down the stairs, and Mrs. Melville fell back amongst her pillows and slept the sleep of the righteous.

(To be continued.)

Lecturer on Colorado: "Where else in the world will you find in one spot, outside of our State, such products as marble, iron, fire-clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, all manner of grains, and—But why enumerate them? Where else will you find all these things? Where, I say?" Man in the audience (impatiently): "In my boy's pocket."—*Chicago Tribune*.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887

MRS. H. H. AYER.

DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc. Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

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HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

DRESS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Some interesting information as to the dress of the later years of the thirteenth century may be picked out of the well-known Household Roll of Bishop Swinfield, (of Hereford.) It records the purchase of four pieces of linen cloth, called Keyne, for £19 6s 8d. These were made up into long garments for the use of the bishop and his clerks by a tailor, who was provided with the necessary articles of binding, lining, and thread. Four pieces and six yards of striped cloth, at a cost of £12 17s. 6d., were bought for the tunics and cloaks of the squires and bailiffs. Three pieces and four yards of a coarser cloth, cost £7 16s. 11d., were allotted to the serving men, while a still commoner sort, of which four pieces and a half were obtained for £8 15s. 9d., was made up for the grooms and pages. The total expenditure amounted to upward of £50, equal, I suppose, to £700 or £750 at the present value of money. In winter the Bishop purchased, for the better protection of his episcopal self, a surcoat of furred skin and a furred cap. The cloths for summer wear were purchased at Whitsuntide, were of a lighter texture, and were denominated bluet and russet. These, too, were of different qualities, and the servants were once more clothed in distinctive striped dresses. The cloth of this period had a very long nap, so that when the garment was overused the nap could be reshorn, and an air of newness economically obtained. In the reign of the First Edward the tunic was still in vogue; it was worn with wide sleeves, which depended to the elbow. The super-tunic (the French garde-cors) was also very generally adopted. Under the Third Edward dress occupied to a large extent the attention of the wealthier classes, and the prevalent ostentation led to the enactment of no fewer than eight sumptuary laws. The tunic, or cote-hardie, fitted close to the body; it had tight sleeves, and scarcely reached the knee, so as not to obscure the view of the embroidered garter which set off the manly leg. It was gorgeously embroidered, and from its sleeves hung long slips of cloth. The peasantry, however, wore no such splendid garments; they were forbid-

den by law to wear other than breeches of leather and a frock of russet, or undyed wool. The burghers of the town were attired in dress of similar cut, but finer texture—for it was in this respect that the statute law insisted on the gradations of rank—and its general effect may be seen in the costume still worn by the scholars of Christ's Hospital.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

HUMOUROUS.

A PROOF OF HER LOVE.—He: Do you really love me, darling? She: Yes, really. To prove it, I'll name my dog after you.

HARDHEAD: What did you say you did for a living? Softnut (loftily): I'm a poet, sir. Hardhead: Poet, eh? Well, what do you do when the spring is over?

DAUGHTER of the House (anxious to introduce partners to each other): Is your card quite full, Mr. McSawney? Mr. McSawney: Oh dear, no! Which dances shall I give you?

FIANCÉ (a rising bank clerk): In a year, dearest, I shall be cashier. Fiancée (who reads the papers): You dear bright fellow! And I have so longed to see something of the United States.

TOO MUCH FOR HER.—Servant: Yis, sorr, Mrs. Jones is in. What's yer name, sorr? Visitor: Professor Vandersplinkenhimer. Servant: Och! sure ye'd better go right in, and take it wid ye.

"PLEAS'M, might I harsk you somethin'?" "Certainly, Jane, what is it?" "Pleas'm—my young man's just dropped in, and as I'm a-scurin' o' the kitchen floor, p'raps you'd kindly hentertain 'im for ten minutes, while I finish hup."

A GOOD AUTOMATON.—"Have you any automatic toys?" "Yes, a large assortment. How do you like this?" "It appears to be broken." "No, madam; you do not understand the idea. It is an automatic tramp, and does not work."

FRITZ: Father, do help me with this example. I can't get the answer. Father (returning the slate after vain efforts): Well, I can't get it right either. Fritz: There,



CHAMPION "MIKE," A.K.C.S.B. 7321.



CHAMPION BRANT, A.K.C.S.B. 5856.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second year, and 25 acres in the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.